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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 5, 1941

THE PACT THAT ISN'T: HITLER AND RIBBENTROP WELCOME THE YUGOSLAVIAN MINISTERS—the scene at Berchtesgaden Before the Signing of the Vienna Pact, which will Not Now be Ratified

On February 14 Messrs. Tsvetkovitch and Cincar-Markovitch (who were then Prime Minister and Foreign Minister of Yugoslavia respectively) arrived at Berchtesgaden for discussions concerning the Tripartite Pact. So important was the occasion that both Hitler and Ribbentrop went to greet their guests : here the party consists of the following—on left, Schmidt, Hitler's own interpreter : Tsvetkovitch, the then Prime Minister of Yugoslavia ; Cincar-Markovitch, Foreign Minister, behind ; Hitler ; and on right, Ribbentrop. On Tuesday, March 25, the two Ministers actually signed a modified form of the Pact in Vienna. On their return to Belgrade, instead of cheering crowds, the two Ministers had to sneak back into the capital. And then Revolution broke out amongst the angry nation. Tsvetkovitch and Cincar-Markovitch were overthrown and arrested, and Yugoslavia "found its soul," as Mr. Winston Churchill said. It has been stated—though at the moment of writing there is no definiteness in the matter—that the Pact signed by the ex-Ministers will not now be ratified by King or Cabinet

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 83

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Poor Prince Paul.—The Senior Regent of Yugoslavia, it seems, leaned at last to the Axis. (Or so we understand to-day.) The more urgent and obvious danger loomed larger than the doom in the background. Poor Prince Paul has sold his King and country, in so far as it rests and rested with him to do so, and if report is true. "Still as of old man by himself is priced. For thirty pieces Judas sold himself—not Christ." How well I remember that Prince-in-petto, when he sojourned so long in England and smiled his sad, weak smile on the daughters of Britain and ate their mothers' big dinners in the dining-rooms of Mayfair. Sometimes he was treated as a royalty, sometimes not. Occasionally we pinned our medals on our tail-coat lapels to do him honour when he was of the party, sometimes not. Sometimes his hostess went down in a deep curtsy when she shook his hand, sometimes not. He was just a cadet of the reigning House of Serbia, a melancholy and (truth to tell) a far from lively, sickish young man in those days; lonely, poor and detached. Then he married a Princess Charming, and, if family ties had any stiffening power with a weakling in face of a great terror, he might have been expected to stand to the last for the honour of his own race and blood and for the friendship of Britain and Greece, to which countries, in truth, he owes nearly all which he has of good in him. Poor Prince Paul! I think he did his best as Senior Regent before the war. But he was not of the stuff of which big men, strong men or leaders are made. And, anyway, I don't suppose he counted for much in the last hours of his country's fate and crisis. As I write, I look at an old snapshot depicting him on a river-lawn at an old house in Bucks. I can almost read his history in his face. It is not one to launch a thousand ships. Rather it might have been one to launch a million bombs on his own country. I am sorry for his Princess. Yes, and I am sorry for this poor Prince-in-petto. I daresay he has been misrepresented; I don't suppose he could any wise pull much weight; I fear a hell awaits him which probably he does not deserve. Perhaps his case resembles King Leopold's in a minor key. Perhaps one day the whole truth will come out and vindicate him.

Changey for Changey.—Even for that fortunate youth, the ex-peddler of wines, Ribbentrop, it is not roses all the way. Providence or Nemesis occasionally applies the corrective rod to his beautifully-tailored behind, to remind him that even Macchiavel sometimes made miscalculations or holloa-ed too soon. In the very hour in which Hitler and Co. and their yellow ally were cracking their ribs and bottles over the capture of one more fly in the spider's web, that fly broke out. And, if that were not enough to cast a gloom over the jollification, the news came in that Keren and Harar were both in British hands. All this in one day! And then the wonderful Naval victory over the Italian Fleet! Could it be, after all, that words and formulæ and specious promises do not win victories? Could it be that Hitler's promises are still deemed piecrust, even in those Balkans which Germany dismisses contemptuously as trivial pawns in her own game? Was it conceivable that Ribbentrop's champagne was flat, and even cheap, nasty and poisonous? The glorification and the jollification switched back to threats and sour grapes and reassurances to a highly-tried Reich. We know not how things will turn out. Wisely, we are not boasting. We wait and shall see. Some of our most seasoned troops will soon be released for service where they may be most needed. Young King Peter's noble task will be hard. His country may receive before Greece the brunt of Nazi rage. England and America stand beside him, and all who fight for their own honour and the world's freedom. We shall do what we can to help. We need not inform Hitler by what means, at what time, or in what place that help will come. Let us take comfort in this dark hour. Let us remember that war is always like that—"Changey for changey, black dog for white monkey." Ever since this war started, there have been these ups and downs, setbacks and successes. We shall have another knock to-morrow. The day after, we shall land a shrewd one on Hitler's nose. And let us say a word of praise for our poor old, despised diplomacy. Perhaps, after all, there is still some virtue in the old, outworn convention of decency, truth and honour in diplomatic exchanges.

THE WORLD IS TOLD OF OUR GREAT NAVAL VICTORY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, speaking at Brighton on Saturday afternoon, first told the world of the naval battle which has proved such a triumph for the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean. "I have news for you—good news," he said. And then went on to give the details of the engagement which has been hailed here and in the United States as the most pregnant naval event of this century. Further details of the battle are given on later pages of this issue

The Wailing Wall.—Those cool-headed, cold-hearted observers on Olympus (to whom I have referred before) who sit watching our little ant-hill tragedy down here, must now derive a great deal of amusement from the bombing propaganda on both sides. I myself wonder sometimes to what purpose the "Wailing Wall" is still used by the propaganda departments on both sides. It is difficult to understand who at this phase remains to be impressed by such tactics. Berlin is bombed, and the cry goes up from the Nazi Wailing Wall of senseless burning of historic buildings, of the ruthless slaughter of women and children, and so on. And we, when London's turn comes, protest to Heaven against the vandals who deliberately destroy the Guildhall, the Middle Temple Library, Buckingham Palace and half-a-dozen hospitals and infant schools. Time was when such wails and protests were justified as propaganda and useful to stimulate hate and resolve and unity. But now . . . ? We believe it pays us to hammer on at military objectives. The Nazis believe it pays them to broadcast some of their H.E. and fire-bombs on market towns and farm buildings. Both sides, by their A.-A. defence organisations, try to ensure that in night raids on big cities no aeroplane can come down low enough to hit a military objective in them with even a quarter-mile margin of error. Yet, when the raid is over, both sides send their propagandists to the Wailing Wall. The Olympians may surely smile their cold smiles and cynically criticise a false note in the tragi-comedy (as they call the drama).

Reaction Towards Monarchy.—It is not impossible that the historian of the future may see as one aspect of the fearful events of the period 1902-1942 a great revolution from monarchy followed by a great swing-back to monarchy, during which the evils once connected with that system were purged and the institution of monarchy was widely re-established in Europe on the pattern of the British. I referred in another article (apropos the attempt to fire the City of London) to the ex-Kaiser at Doorn, and I ventured to suggest that shame for that vile deed probably lay heavier upon him than upon any other German. That led me to reflect that, with all his weakness and vanity and lack of balance, the ex-Kaiser to the last retained some influence restraining the barbarities of the war of 1914-18. During and after the war of 1914-18 the Thrones of Europe tottered and fell—only those survived and grew in influence which had accepted the principles and limitations of constitutional monarchy, and had adjusted themselves to ever-changing public opinion and social and political evolution. With the result that in the troubled years that followed, the British Monarchy proved itself the vital link and cornerstone in the only League of Nations which emerged to proved cohesion and efficiency, while the Thrones of Scandinavia and the Low Countries preserved in a lesser degree the same ideals in the domestic and international spheres. Unquestionably the chief handicap in international relations during the past thirty years has been the absence of a common "language" understood by all the rulers of European States. That "language" was, even at the worst of the monarchical era in Europe, based on a measure of dignity, tradition, outward courtesy, and the commonly accepted obligations and conventions of family relationship. When the monarchies disappeared, this language became a dead language in diplomacy, and, looking back to-day, it is impossible to overrate the importance of those "frills," dignity, tradition, courtesy, in the exchanges between contending States. As one by one dictators assumed with new plenary powers the functions and powers formerly wielded by sovereigns, all these aids to restraint and deterrents to sheer barbarism fell away, and there was left no means by which the surviving monarchical States could communicate civilising ideas to the dictator States.

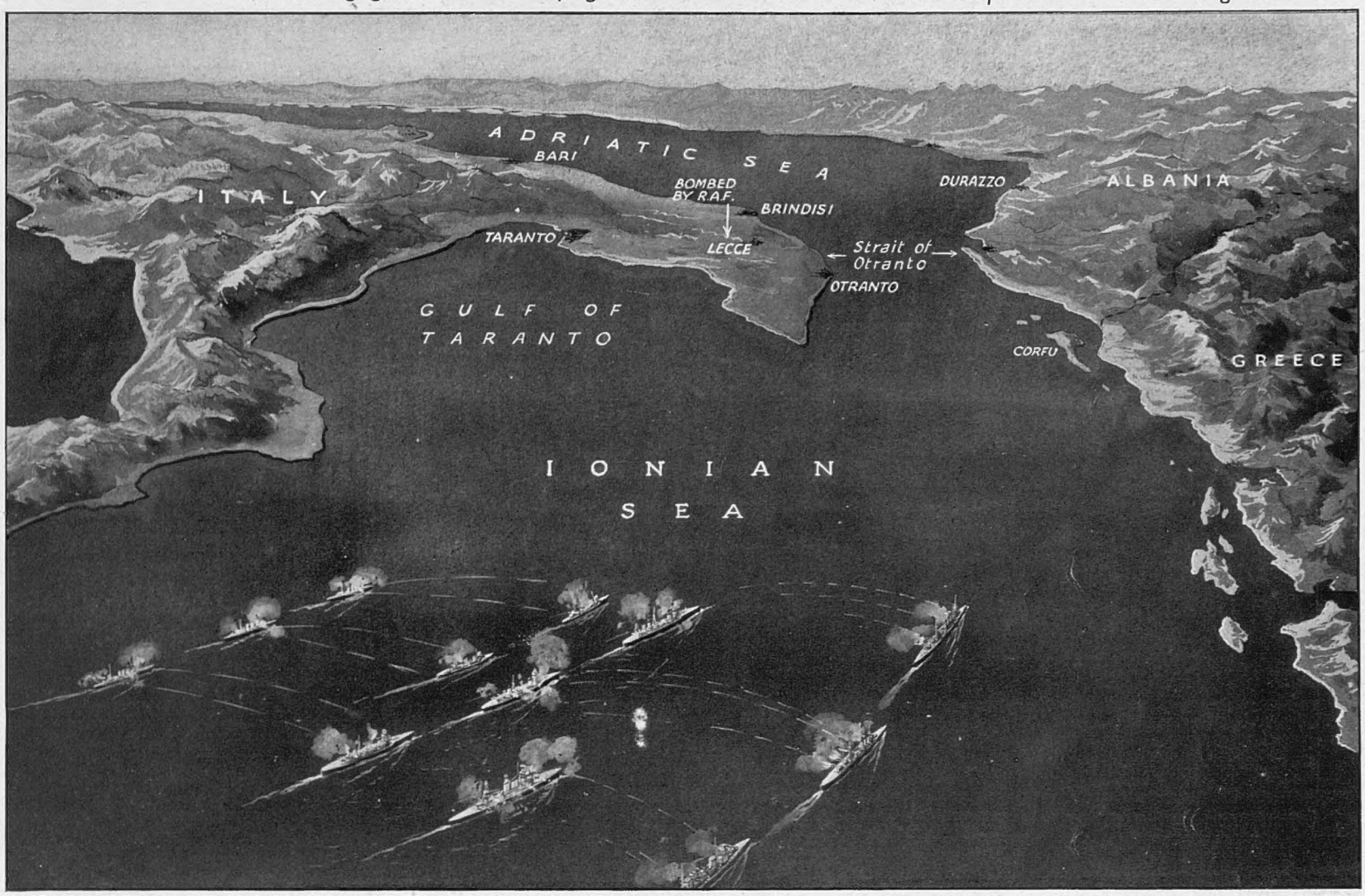
A Vital Civilising Influence. — Evil and mischievous as has been the record in the past 100 years of many of the Thrones of Europe, it is impossible to-day not to observe how even the worst of them and the weakest of them have had some effect in the preservation of civilised intercourse and civilised methods in international relations and international war. It is possible indeed to-day to aver that the evils of Fascism would have been worse if King Victor Emmanuel—shorn as he is of all power and of half his influence—had gone the way of King Carol. It is fair to say that, if a Kaiser had reigned in Germany as a puppet under Hitler's absolutism, some aspects of civilisation would still be found in the conduct of war by the Nazis. In Italy the King still exerts a restraining influence which the heads of democratic States gladly acknowledge. To us, who through the potency (but vaguely comprehended) of some fortunate star have enjoyed for a century the ideal of constitutional monarchy, the theory is a commonplace. We have seen that ideal grow and develop and evolve with every change in public opinion until the Throne of Britain has come to signify the one vital, the greatest, cornerstone in the edifice of our commonwealth. It has come to mean the foundation of our constitution and the source and inspiration of all that dignifies, uplifts and adorns our social life. From the Throne we derive by constant, living example more influence towards the Christian ideals than we draw from the Church; from the Throne we draw daily inspiration to follow the ideals of family life and citizenship. From the Throne we are set a rigid and daily example in time of trouble of the essential virtues of courage, kindliness, courtesy and service, of brotherhood and unselfishness. It would be strange if *we* did not lean towards constitutional monarchy. We have never leaned in any other direction since 1871. It is in my mind that Central Europe—with but little of our experience of what constitutional monarchy at its best can achieve—will in the coming years lean and yearn towards the same blessings for themselves. They and their sovereigns have in the past forty years learned lessons they are not likely soon again to forget.

Working for Stalin.—Every nation but the German has long since learned the vital lesson of the utter evil of war and has outlawed war in its heart. And it may be that before another year has passed, life underground may sear the same lesson at long last on the German race. *Nothing*, nothing can justify initiating a war, and only a threat to human liberty, to a nation's bare existence, and to the final survival of civilisation and decency, can justify joining in an issue so beastly, so imbecile, so fraught with evils for victor and vanquished alike. The seeds of all unconstitutional forms of revolution breed underground. Communism, the very be-all and end-all of Hitler's original "crusade" of extermination, is breeding under Berlin's and Hamburg's and Bremen's streets and doing its best to germinate under London's and Liverpool's. How, indeed, can such an existence fail to enhance the sense of injustice which begins all revolutions, the "have-nots" against the "haves," class against class, the unlucky against the lucky? It matters not if the grievances which grow in the war-worn hearts of men be based justly or no; the grievances grow and fester underground. Thus war, as waged nowadays, gives fearful proof of its imbecility—and beyond the snowy steppes Stalin (that nimble neutral) laughs in his sleeve and watches the triumph of *his* revolution feeding on the blood of the combatants whom he detests with impartial hatred. Meanwhile, Britain and Germany batter down each other's cities and make honey for the Bolshevik Bee.

THE OLD STAGER

THE GREAT NAVAL VICTORY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

The Italian Fleet, Caught by Admiral Cunningham off the Coast of Crete, in the Ionian Sea, are Brought to Action and the "Most Momentous Naval Engagement Since Trafalgar" Ensued—with Disastrous Consequences to the Fleeing Italians



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE AREA IN WHICH THE ACTION AGAINST THE ITALIAN FLEET TOOK PLACE (a detailed analysis of the various stages of the action will be found on the following pages in diagrammatic form)

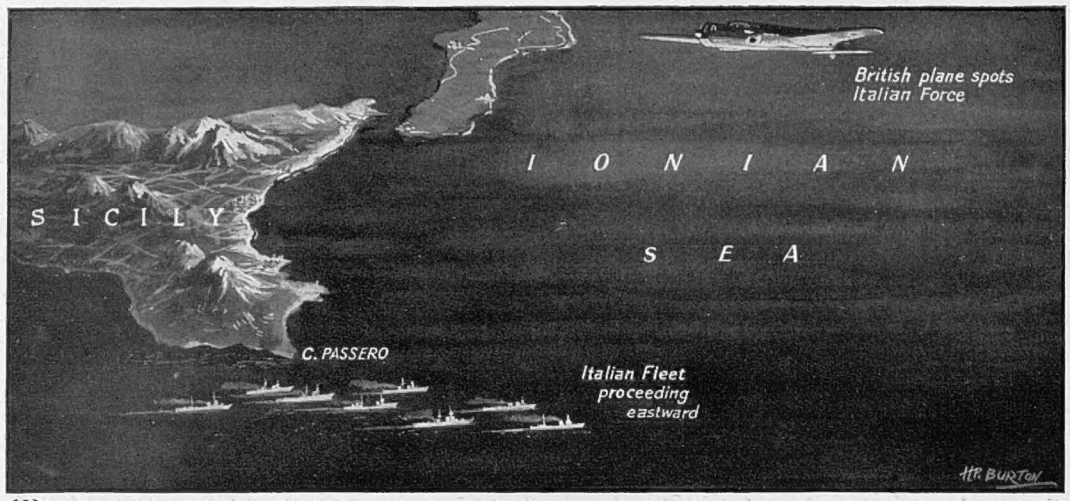
The waters stretching from Sicily to Crete have not been happy hunting-grounds for the Italian Navy; for on each engagement they have endeavoured to seek the safety of the shore guns within neighbouring straits, where the odds would be heavily against Allied pursuit. On Thursday of last week an Italian naval force was seen by a watchful observer in a British reconnaissance plane hovering over the Central Mediterranean to be proceeding on an easterly course from the neighbourhood of Cape Passero, the most south-easterly point of the island of Sicily. The news was rapidly transmitted to Admiral Cunningham. Later in the day, a force of light British vessels detected an Italian force; this time its location was about 100 miles south-west of Crete, and it was again moving on an easterly course. A second Italian force was spotted from the air, to the north of the one just mentioned. The two groups bore away to the west as darkness fell, but the vessels of the Italian Fleet did not escape either the British Air Force or Navy. The first definite information stated that three cruisers and two large destroyers had been sunk and a big battleship had been badly damaged. Here above, in a setting of the "blue Ionian Sea," is a pictorial record of the three cruisers, the two destroyers and the disabled battleship in the forefront of the group. The grouping is arbitrary and conveys only a general impression of the first news of the big naval victory. A detailed record will be found on the following pages. The position of the enemy air-base, bombed at the same time by the R.A.F., is indicated

THE CLASH BETWEEN BRITISH WARSHIPS AND A FRENCH BLOCKADE-RUNNING CONVOY: An exposition of what occurred when the French bombed our warships

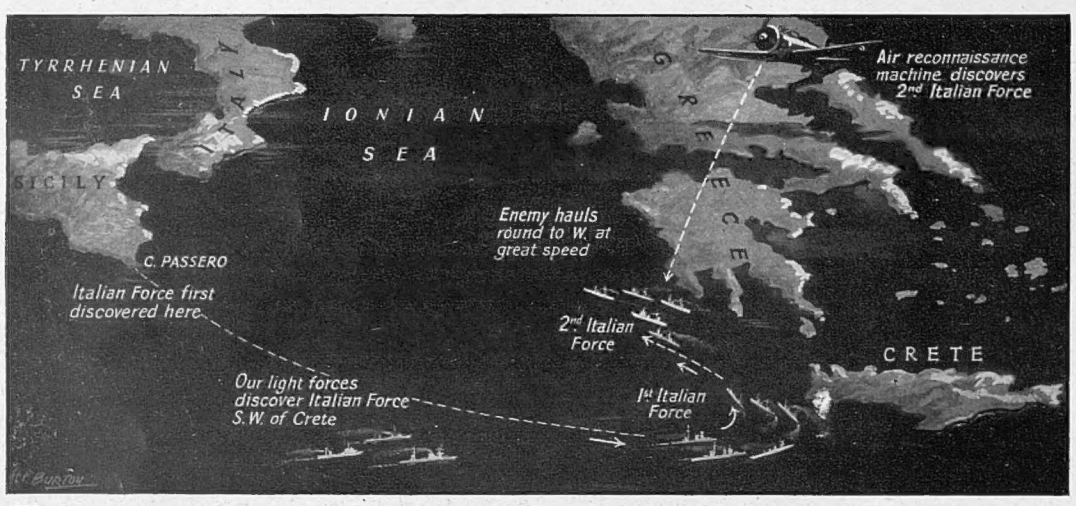
At the same time that our Fleet to the East was engaging the Italian Navy, from the Western Mediterranean came the report of a clash between British warships and a French convoy. "Reports had been received," stated the Admiralty, "that a convoy of four merchant ships, escorted by a French destroyer, was due to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar, and that the convoy carried important war material for Germany. Accordingly, orders were given for the interception of the convoy, which, however, passed through the Straits within Spanish territorial waters. Our forces caught up with the French ships after they had left Spanish territorial waters and called upon them to stop, so that the normal procedure of visit and search might be carried out. The French shore batteries in the vicinity then opened fire on our ships, notwithstanding that they were merely engaged in the exercise of their legitimate belligerent rights. His Majesty's ships were compelled to reply in their own defence, and hits were observed on the shore batteries. In view of the action taken by the French batteries, our warships would have been fully justified in firing on the French merchant ships and their escort, but in the interests of humanity did not do so, and the merchant ships succeeded in entering the nearby French port of Nemours. During the return of our forces to Gibraltar they were twice attacked by French bomber formations, but without suffering damage or casualties"

HOW THE BAT

And the British Battleships

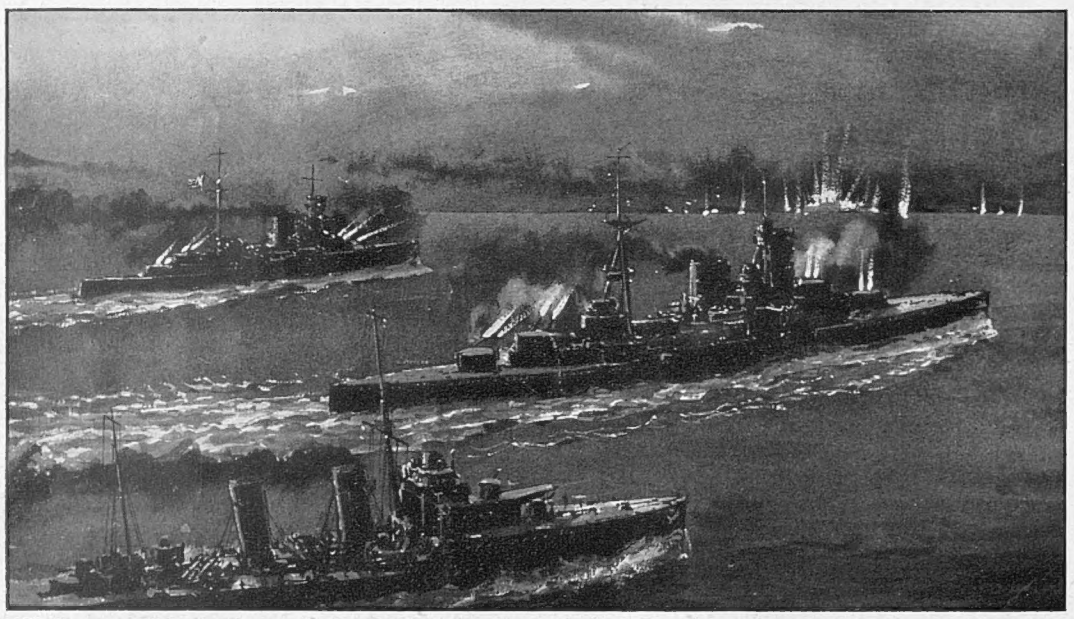


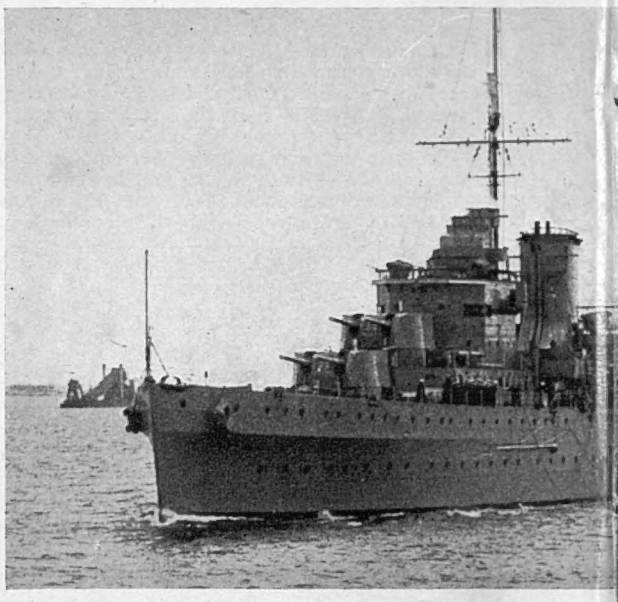
(1) THURSDAY, MARCH 27.—THE ITALIAN FLEET IS SPOTTED STEAMING EASTWARDS : Cape Passero is at the extreme south-east of Sicily, about 120 miles S.S.W. of the Straits of Messina. "Air reconnaissance on Thursday morning reported a force of enemy warships to the eastward of Cape Passero, steering to the east"



(2) FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 28.—THE ENEMY FLEET IS BROUGHT INTO ACTION OFF CRETE : "On the morning of Friday our light forces sighted one Littorio class battleship, accompanied by cruisers, to the south-west of Crete. Air reconnaissance reported two battleships, cruisers and destroyers to the north of this position. After being sighted, the enemy gradually hauled round to westward, proceeding at high speed. On receiving news that a Fleet action was expected, a squadron of Greek naval forces hastened up to take a strategic position with our Fleet." This Greek force came from the north-east

THE THREE BRITISH BATTLESHIPS WHICH SMASHED THE ITALIAN FLEET : H.M.S. "Valiant" firing a broadside ; in the background are H.M.S. "Barham" and "Warspite" :



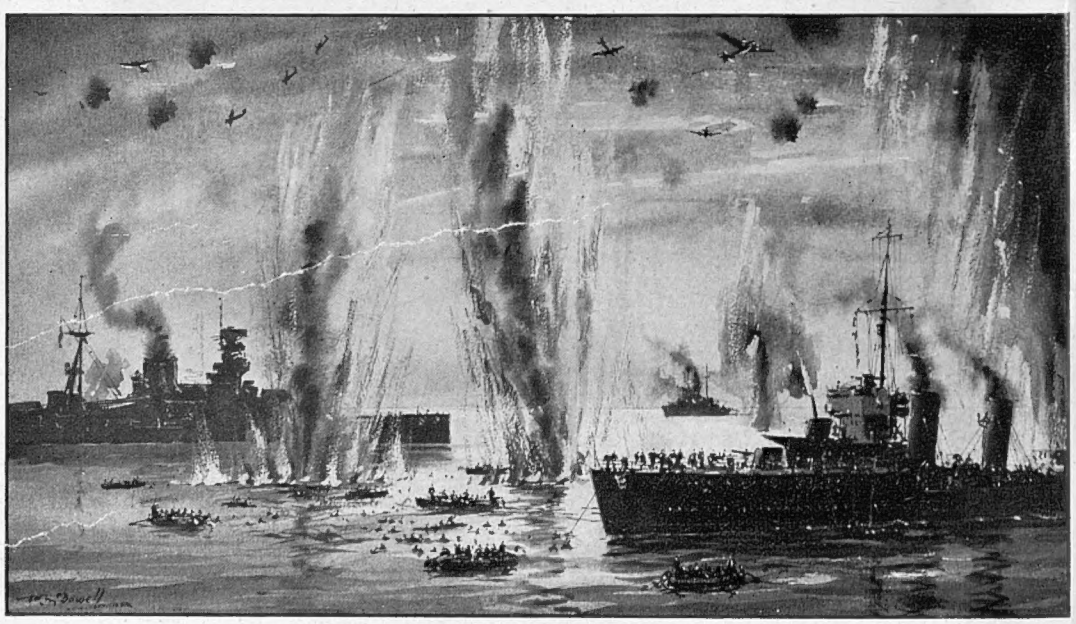


(3) FRIDAY NIGHT, MARCH 28.—THE ACTION DURING THE NIGHT : "During the day, the Littorio class battleship was repeatedly and successfully attacked . . . but it was only as darkness fell that close action was joined. Our battleships, with accompanying light forces, went into the attack. The 8-in. cruisers—*Pola*, *Zara* and *Fiume*—the large destroyer *Vincenzo Gioberti* and the destroyer *Maestrale* were sunk"

LIEUT. G. R. G. WATKINS, of the destroyer *Havock*, who signalled "I am hanging on the stern of the Italian cruiser *Pola*. Shall I board her or blow her stern off with depth charges? I have no torpedoes left"

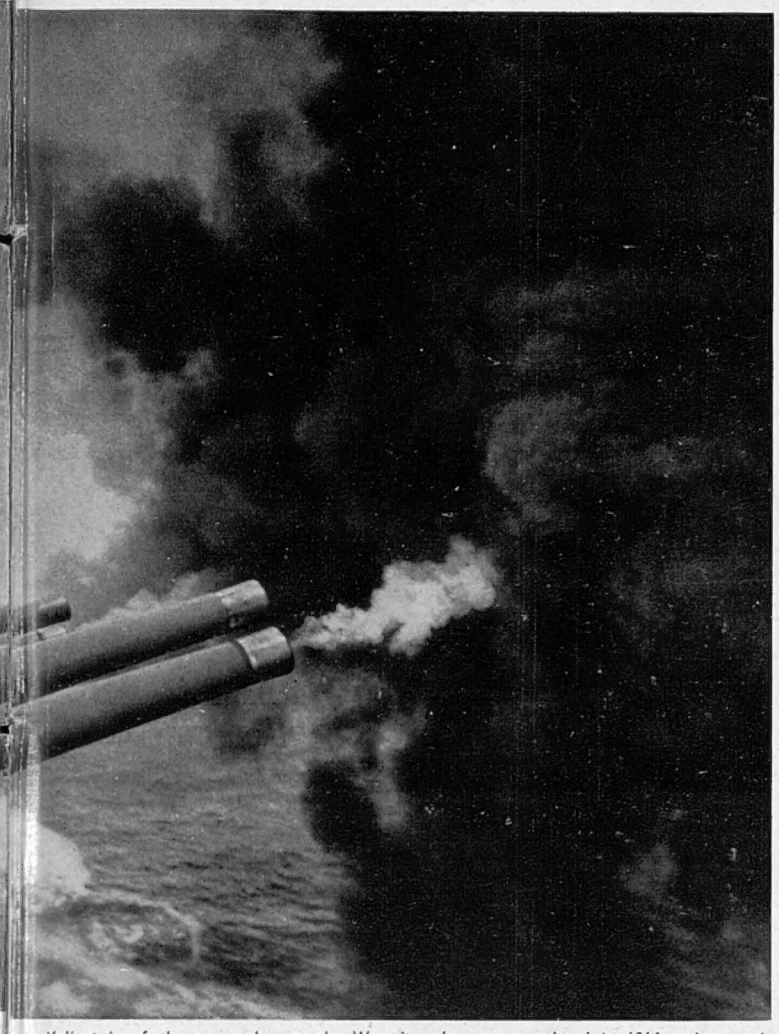
On right—

(4) SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 29 : RESCUE WORK IS ABANDONED OWING TO GERMAN AIR ATTACKS : "Nearly 1,000 Italian survivors were rescued. It would have been possible to save 200 or 300 more but for attacks by German bombers. . . . In these circumstances further risks to the rescuing vessels could not be accepted." Admiral Cunningham wirelessed the Italian Naval Staff to this effect

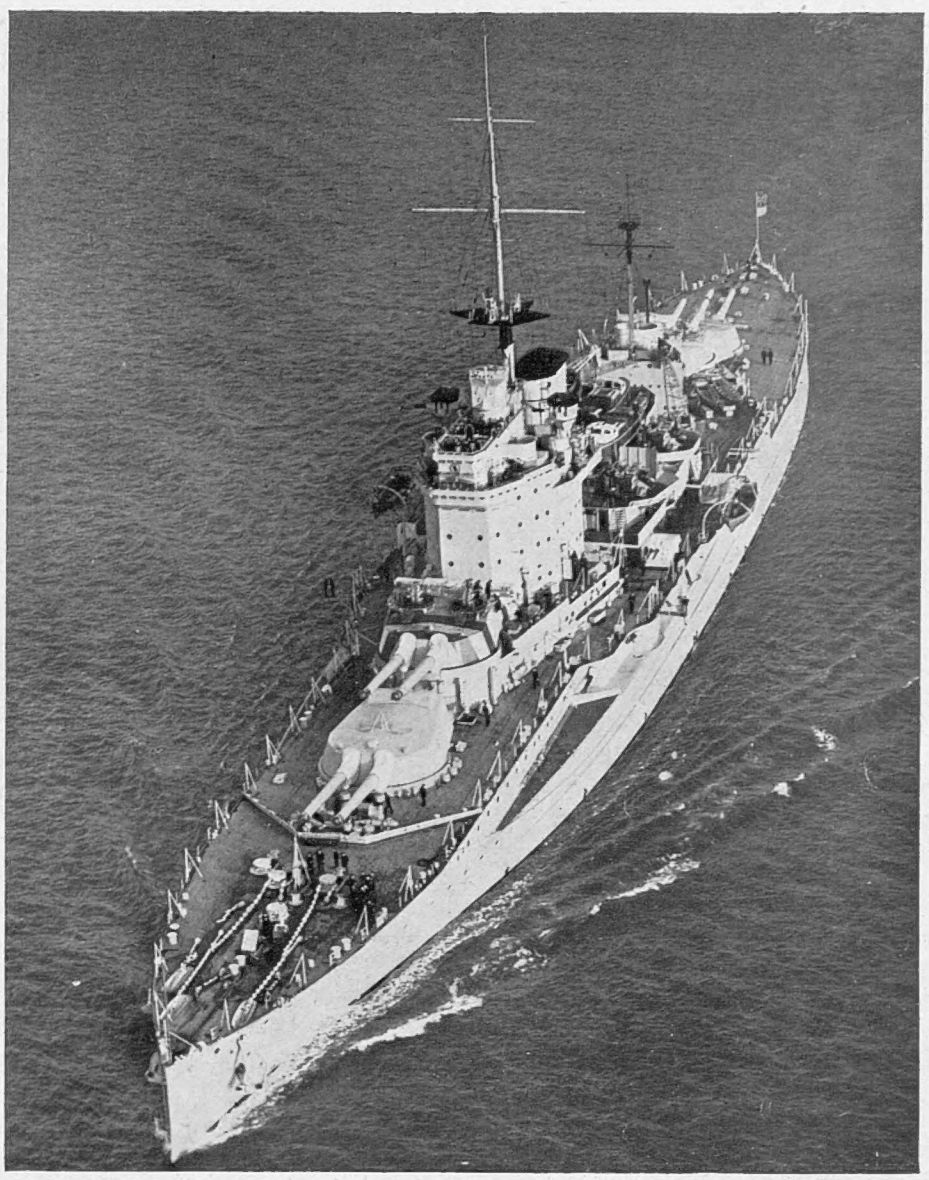


TLE WAS FOUGHT

Which Wrecked the Italian Fleet Off Crete



Valiant is of the same class as the *Warspite*: she was completed in 1916 and recently underwent a similar renovation to her sister ships. H.M.S. *Barham*, which was launched in 1915, was reconstructed during the years 1925 and 1933. These three vessels can fire broadsides of tremendous weight, as they demonstrated to such deadly effect in their encounter with the Italians



THE THIRTY-YEARS OLD FLAGSHIP DURING THE BATTLE—AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF H.M.S. "WARSPITE": It was in this gallant old veteran that Admiral Cunningham flew his flag. *Warspite* was completed in 1915, and she took part in the Battle of Jutland (where her steering failed in the midst of the action). Later she was rebuilt entirely, at great expense—since when she has more than justified herself! At Narvik she accounted for all the German destroyers in the Fiord, and since then she has kept the sea in all weathers. She is one of the Queen Elizabeth class, all the ships of which steam splendidly and can maintain a high average speed for long periods

THE CRUISER "ORION," WHICH LURED THE ITALIANS TO THEIR DOOM: A four-hours "flirtation" lured the Italian warships into action, it is now revealed. *Orion*, sister to the cruisers *Ajax* and *Achilles*, of *Admiral Graf Spee* fame, was the "flirt." She spotted the Italians at 15-miles range and sailed in, offering herself as a target. She lured them 70 miles, towards the British Battle Fleet, which was racing up from 120 miles away

THE ITALIAN LOSSES

SUNK.—THREE CRUISERS:
- *Fiume*. 8-in. guns
- *Pola*. 8-in. guns
- *Zara*. 8-in. guns
- *Giovanni delle Bande Nare* (probable)

SUNK.—TWO DESTROYERS:
- *Vincenzo Gioberti* (large)
- *Maestrale*
- One other destroyer (probable)

DISABLED.—ONE LITTORIO CLASS BATTLESHIP

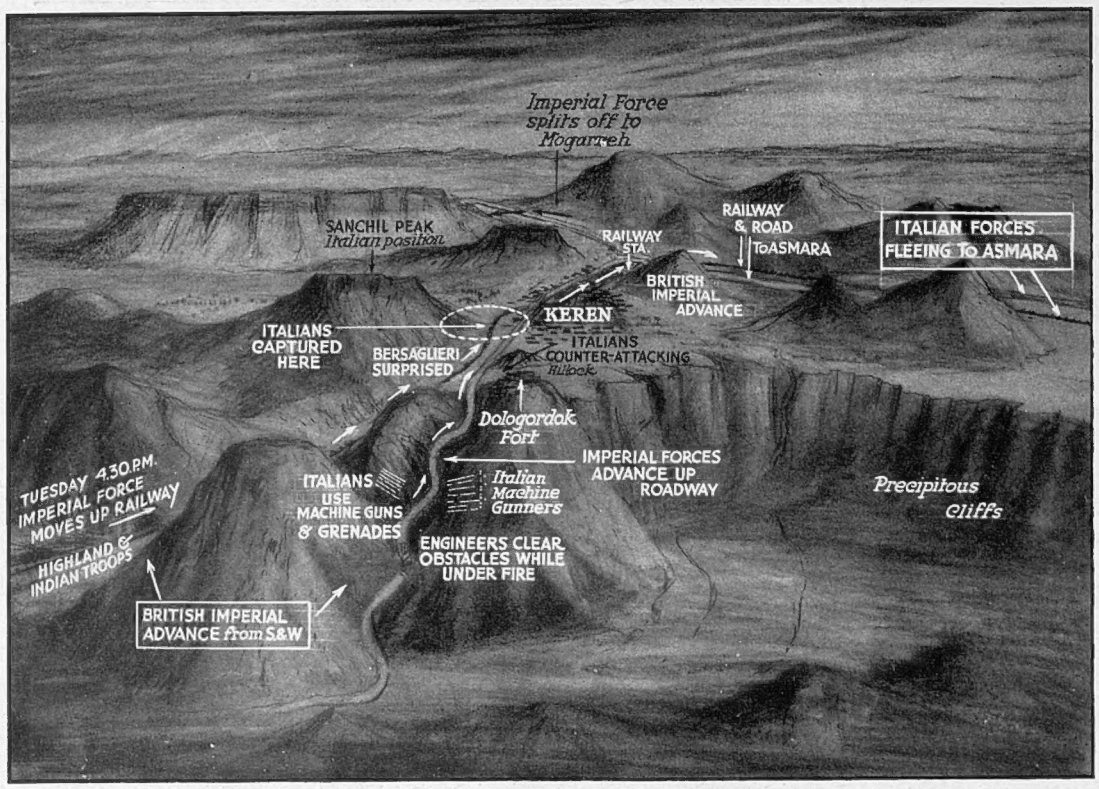
On right—

ADMIRAL CUNNINGHAM'S POSITION DURING THE BATTLE: The bridge of H.M.S. "Warspite," from which he directed the battle

THE FALL OF KEREN

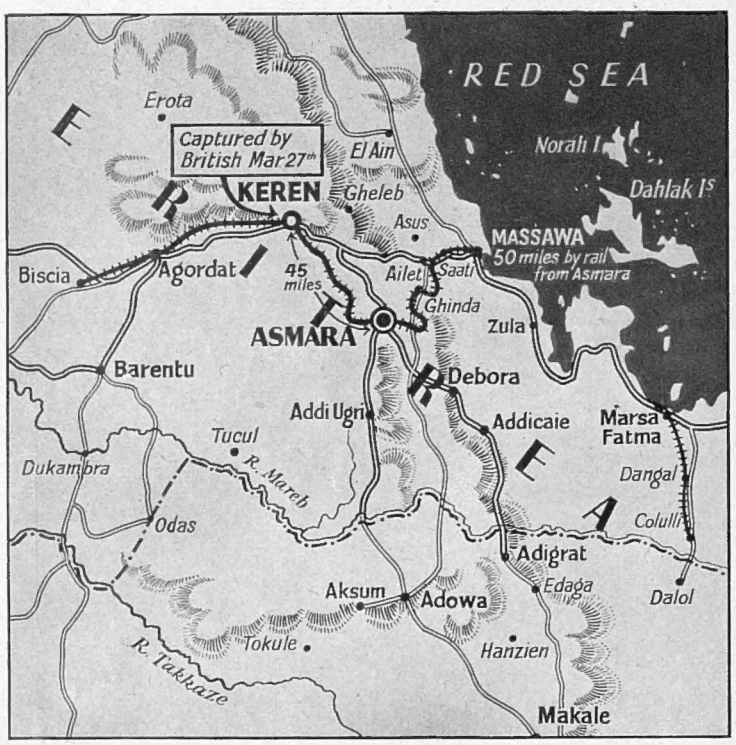
And the Advance on Diredawa, in Abyssinia

(*Further pictures on pages 20–21*)

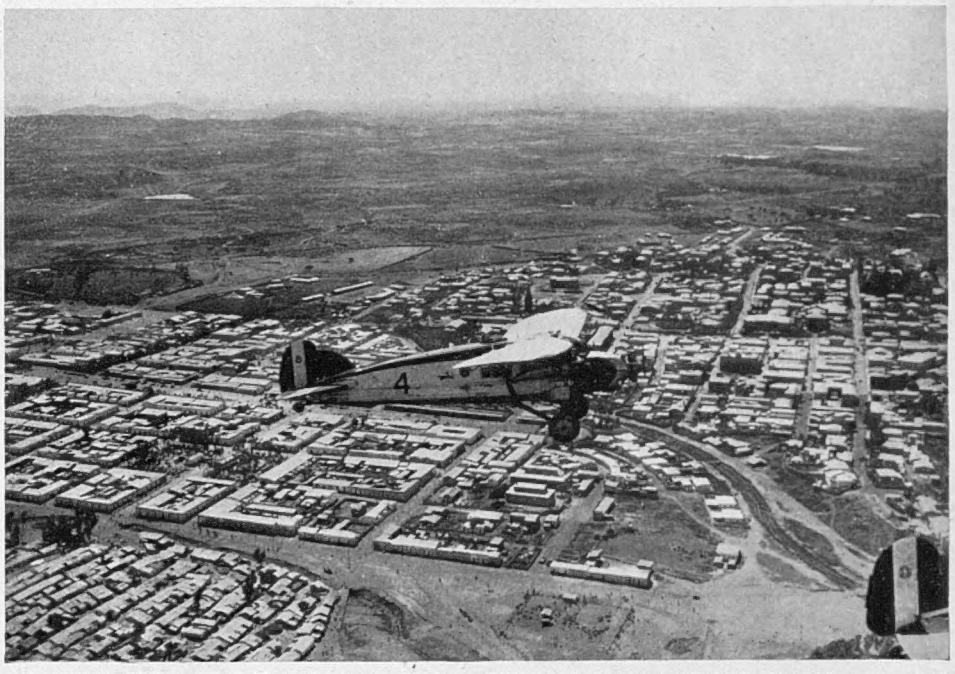


HOW KEREN WAS CAPTURED ON MARCH 27 — THE "ALMOST IMPREGNABLE" KEY POSITION IN ERITREA: Right in the heart of Italy's colony of Eritrea, and astride the railway from the port of Massawa to Agordat and beyond, Keren was garrisoned by some 40,000 men. The drawing above shows how the defences were penetrated. The British forces advanced from the south-west along two main lines. On one of these our men were held up until engineers had cleared a way through; then both columns forged forward—one force towards Mogarreh and the other pursuing the fleeing Italians towards Asmara

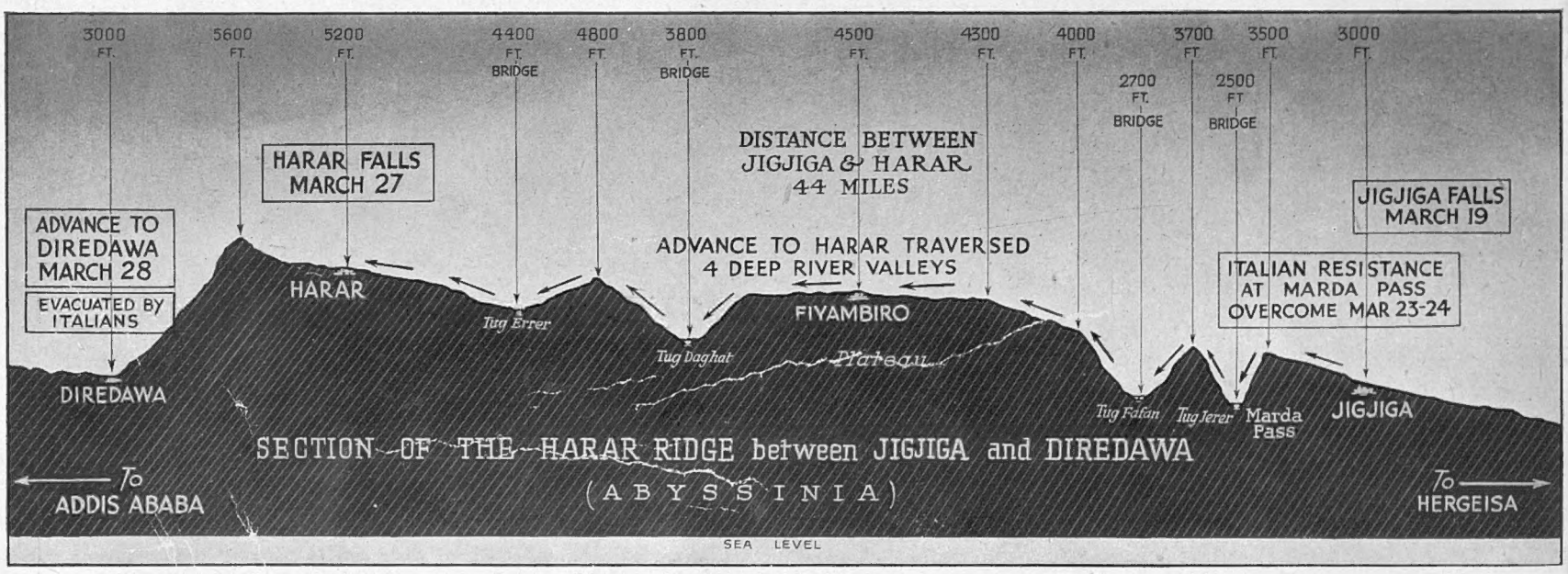
HOW KEREN WAS POUNDED FROM THE AIR: An official photograph (which has previously been published in "The Sphere") which showed how the strong positions held by the Italians were bombarded without respite



ASMARA AND MASSAWA ARE THE NEW OBJECTIVES: The former is the capital of Eritrea: it is 74 miles by railway to the south-west of Massawa and stands 7,750 ft. above sea-level

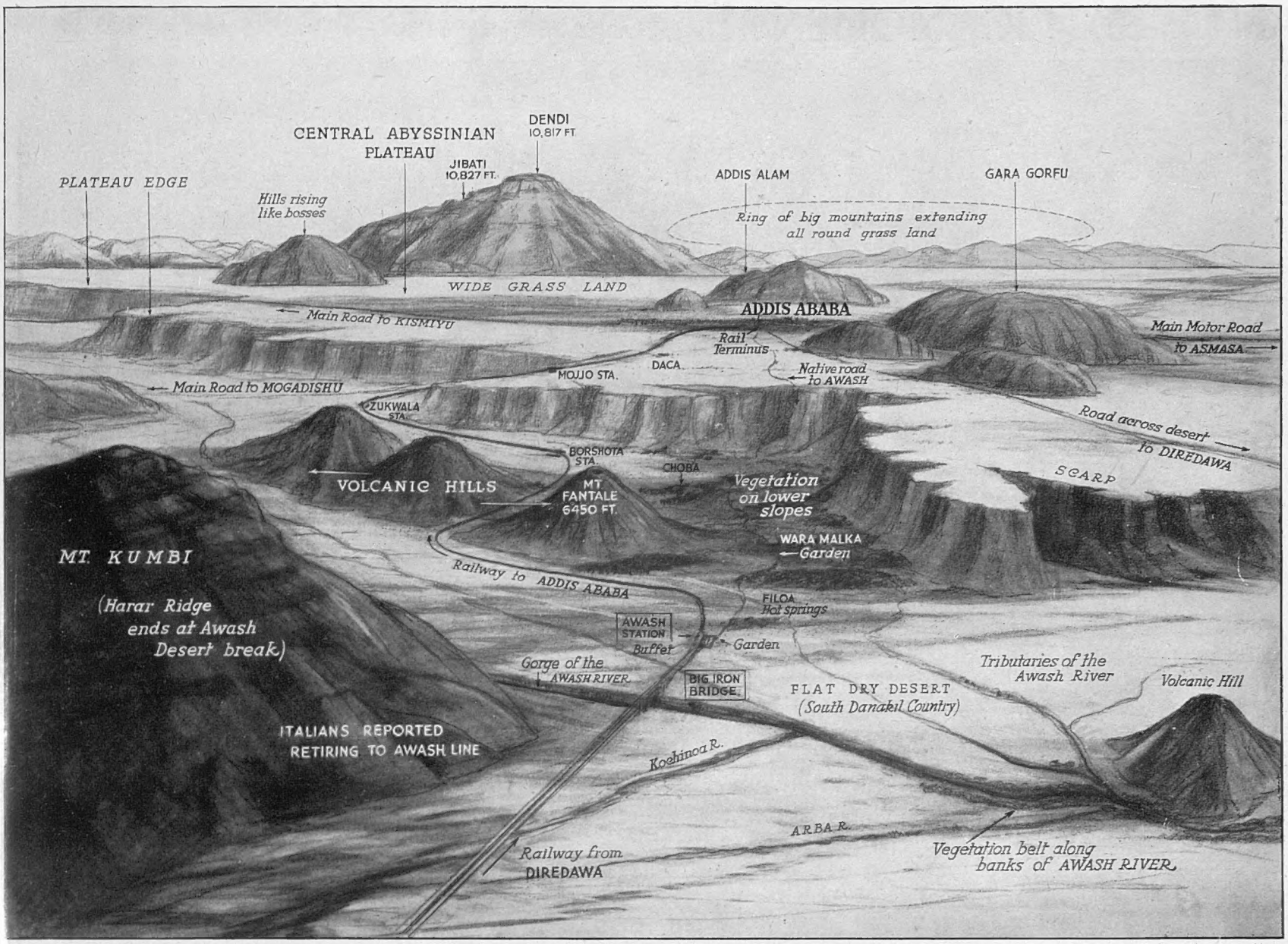


AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE ERITREAN CAPITAL, TOWARDS WHICH BRITISH TROOPS ARE NOW MOVING: The town is strongly fortified and garrisoned. It has a wireless station and is a busy agricultural and trading centre, with gold-mines in the neighbourhood



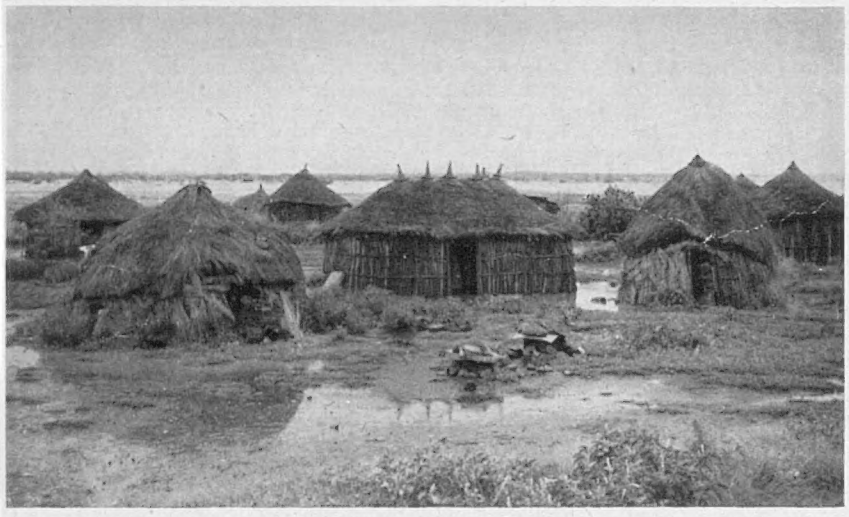
THE COUNTRY ALREADY TRAVERSED BY THE BRITISH FORCES IN THEIR ADVANCE FROM JIGJIGA TO DIREDAWA

Well may the British forces consider that the worst is over! In their march from Jigjiga to Harar they have had terrific difficulties of terrain to contend with: before reaching Harar four deep river valleys had to be traversed, the country generally is unpleasant and inhospitable; and mountain roads had been mined. From Harar to Diredawa there is an abrupt descent: and thence the Abyssinian plains stretch away to the capital, Addis Ababa

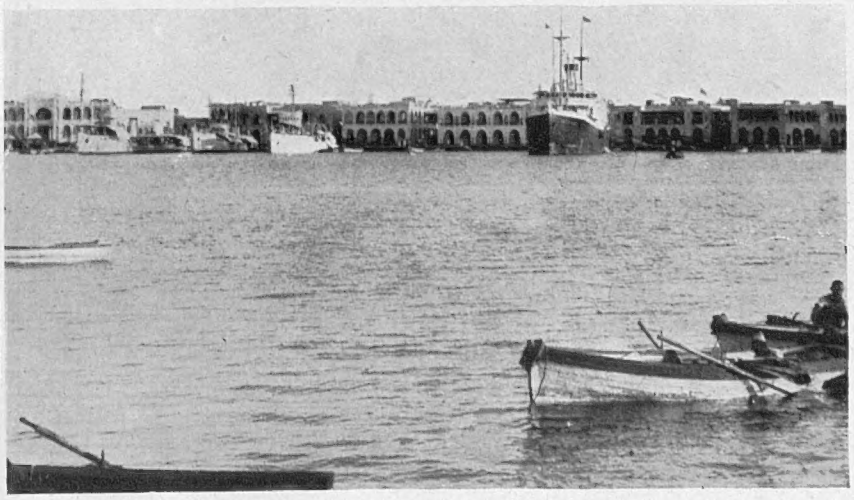


Drawing by Percy Home

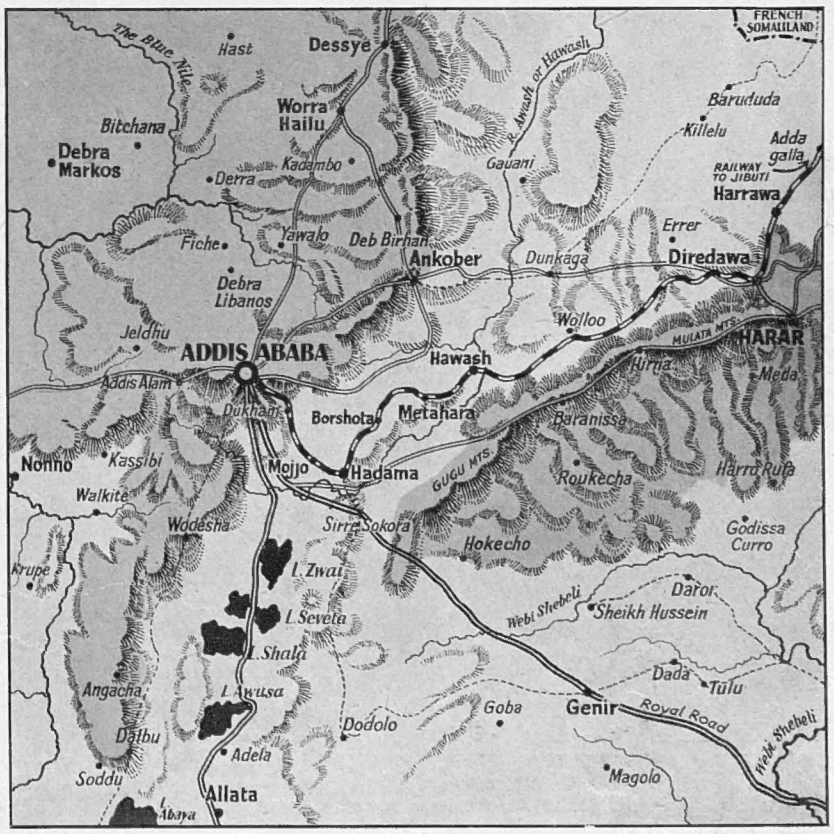
ONWARDS TO ADDIS ABABA!—The stretch of country from Diredawa to the capital After the fall of Harar, Diredawa and the Jibouti River became the immediate objectives of the advancing British forces. Diredawa has been evacuated by the Italians, who are reported to be preparing to hold the line of the Awash River and the Awash Bridge. But all hope of retreat to the coast must now be abandoned by the Italian garrisons at Addis Ababa and other points. From Diredawa there are two methods of progression towards the capital by our forces—by railway line or across the desert. Both these methods of approach are shown here, together with an indication of the country which will then have to be traversed



WHAT ABYSSINIA IS LIKE IN THE RAINY SEASON: This is the village of Metahara, between Awash and Addis Ababa, on the Jibouti Railway. The ground is practically under water, and the floors of the huts almost submerged!



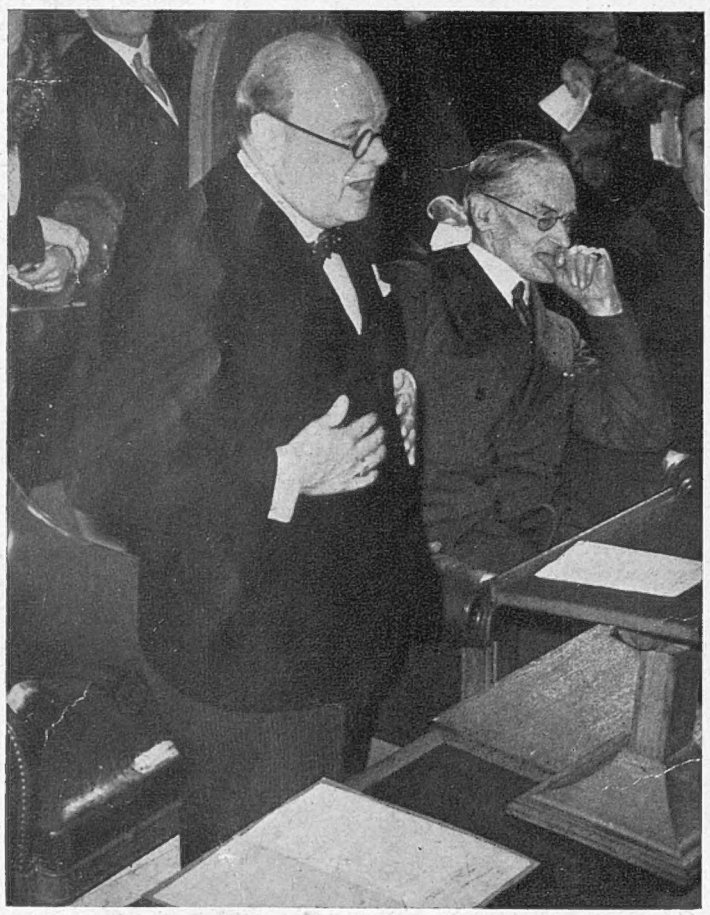
THE HARBOUR AT MASSAWA, whose loss to Italy will be irreparable, as it is the only outlet to the sea in East Africa left to them. It was occupied by Italy in 1885—the first town of importance in their African "Colonial Empire." Quite large ships can be handled at this busy port



ADDIS ABABA AND ITS RELATION TO DIREDAWA: Harar fallen, Diredawa fallen, another British force moving up the Royal Road from Mogadishu, another working up from the Lakes—it looks as if the Abyssinian capital is doomed. There is need for speed, too—soon the inevitable rains will make operations in these regions almost impossible. The railway from Diredawa, and the road across the plains, are both shown in this map

AN HISTORIC MOMENT: *The Anglo-American Bases Agreement Signed in London*

IN THE CABINET ROOM AT 10, DOWNING STREET, MARCH 27—Mr. Winston Churchill, watched by Mr. Winant, U.S. Ambassador, signs the historic Agreement: Implementing the "destroyers-for-bases" deal between Great Britain and the United States, the Agreement has now been formally signed. The bases have been leased to America for a term of 99 years. The signatories for Great Britain were the Prime Minister; Lord Cranborne (Dominions Secretary) and Lord Moyne (Colonial Secretary): for the United States the signatories were Mr. J. E. Winant, Mr. Charles Fahy (Assistant Solicitor-General), General Harry J. Maloney and Commander Harold Bisemeier. The three latter are all actually on their way back to the States. In the above picture Mr. Vincent Massey, Canadian High Commissioner, is seen on the extreme right



MR. CHURCHILL BREAKS THE NEWS ABOUT YUGOSLAVIA: It was at the annual meeting of the Central Council of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations at the Caxton Hall that the Prime Minister announced the news of the revolution in Yugoslavia. He was addressing the meeting as the Leader of the Party when he declared: "Here at this moment I have great news for you and the whole country. Early this morning the Yugoslav nation found its soul. A revolution has taken place in Belgrade, and the Ministers who but yesterday signed away the honour and freedom of their country are reported to be under arrest"

AT THE SIGNING OF THE BASES AGREEMENT: The Prime Minister (with his inevitable cigar) watches Mr. Winant, the American Ambassador, appending his signature to the historic document which binds the two countries even closer than before

Three Hundred Days of Matchless Warfare

The Campaign in the Eastern Mediterranean—A Classic of Co-operation Between the Three Services, Land, Air and Sea

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

"NEVER in the history of modern warfare has so much been achieved by the deaths of so few."

With apologies to the Prime Minister, such thought is uppermost as one forms a mental picture of our Mediterranean-cum-African war, which is on the point of reaching the end of a chapter and the opening of Book Two.

Cast back to June 13 last and ensuing days. Mussolini had got his stiletto beneath the shoulder-blade into the heart of France. Try to put yourself in the shoes, those days, of Admiral Cunningham, General Wavell and Air Marshal Longmore. The sailor saw every port suddenly closed to him along the 2,000 miles from Alexandria to Gibraltar, with the solitary exception of Malta. Henceforward he would be alone in the Mediterranean, convoying and protecting what he could in the face of an enemy stronger at sea and much stronger in the air. Wavell and Longmore were in as difficult case. They shared quite small striking-power compared with the Italians. So much on the one side was banked on the Army that Weygand had commanded in Syria and on the Tunis defences, on the other. If these held (with British co-operation, naturally) Egypt and the Suez would be safe. Similarly, the integrity of British Somaliland and North Kenya was linked with the French hold on Jibuti.

All this land side collapsed like a pack of cards.

What a chance for the Axis to thrust through to the Suez in a real lightning effort, employing every weapon and stratagem on land, in the air and at sea!

Such chances rarely return, and a combination of Churchill, Dill and Eden, taking a splendid hazard, took the first steps to see that this particular one should not, when they sent tanks and mechanised units round the Cape to Wavell, the convoy leaving invasion-threatened, half-equipped Britain in July. Subsequent steps taken in conjunction were the retreat on Mersa Matruh and the evacuation of British Somaliland.

Of course, I'm not going to try to crush in here even a *resumé* of operations in all three elements in this, our Other War, since last summer. I am out to stress merely one aspect, the unapproached lightness of loss of human life by a Fleet, Army and Air Force carrying all before them; and I know that those who *have* lost men dear to them will be actually comforted by these reflections.

What we have beheld has been three hundred days of matchless warfare, terminating with the coming rains in Abyssinia.

Assessing losses in the first year of war, Mr. Churchill said in the House last August: "In the last war, millions of men fought by hurling enormous masses of steel at one another. 'Men and shells' was the cry, and prodigious slaughter was the consequence. In this war nothing of the kind has yet appeared. It is a conflict of strategy, of organisation, of technical operators, science, mechanics and morale." Nothing that happens in the future in this war can tarnish or minimise the Three Hundred Days which stand separate and enduring.

First, Mussolini's Empire was told: "Come on and get us!" That phase lasted from June to November. During it, the main burden rested on Sir Andrew Cunningham. Strategically at a disadvantage, numerically inferior, menaced by a volume of air and submarine attack which he could in no circumstances expect to equal himself, he passed to a true Nelson defensive and went out after the enemy on all occasions that offered. One effect was that the enemy thought him stronger than he was. Else how could he and Admiral Somerville pop up here and there, as they did, while at the same time keeping the sea open, and protecting convoys and our five bases or ports—Alexandria, Haifa, Cyprus, Malta and Gibraltar?

In the autumn the process veered to "the boatrace" period, when no sooner did portions of the Italian Fleet sight the British than off they sped over the horizon. Yet we were warned by people on the spot that it was erroneous to put this down to blue funk. Axis strategy aimed at retaining our Mediterranean Fleet where it was, which could only be done by an Italian Fleet continuing in being.

On November 10, at Taranto, Cunningham changed the sea war overnight by reducing the hostile battleship strength by three, for many months ahead. Serious damage to other warships was effected, and our total casualties in winning a decisive action were under ten killed of the splendid Fleet Air Arm.

Thereafter, the Mediterranean Fleet went all out. It executed periodical sweeps in all waters. It fought what actions it could contrive. It bombarded the Dodecanese and dared to penetrate the narrow Straits of Otranto to have a bang at Valona. It lay close in at Sidi Barrani, Bardia and Tobruk, providing Wavell's right flank, and notably swaying those battles by its massive gunfire. It gave the knock-out at Tobruk. It brought supplies to each captured port in turn, and carried back fifty thousand prisoners to "Alex." It appeared one morning off Genoa and raised merry Hades. And all the time it spared Wavell the long sea route round the Cape, for his men and munitions, by keeping open "Bomb Alley," otherwise the Sicilian Channel.

The Navy does not publish its losses during a war in the same manner that a Wavell announces 800 casualties in the victory of Sidi Barrani. Nor is it possible to arrive even at a vague estimate of our naval losses, say, by cutting the Italian claims in half, or by quartering them; and this for the very good reason that by early this year the Italians had claimed as sunk or put out of action more warships than our whole Mediterranean Fleet comprised! All I can trace as sunk are the cruisers *Calypso* and *Southampton*, the destroyers *Escort* and *Hyperion*, the submarines *Oswald*, *Odin*, *Orpheus* and *Phœnix*, and the patrol vessel *Pathan*. The aircraft-carrier *Illustrious* was badly damaged, and so were other vessels from time to time—such as the cruiser *Berwick*. Whether *Hood* and *Repulse* were of their number, as claimed, the distant lay observer cannot say.

The Italian communiqués throughout fought a film version of the naval war. Smashings and sinkings each time there was contact, and even when there was not, and the smashing and sinking rarely relating to their own ships.

Turning to the land picture, Wavell maintained a valuable offensive-defensive with mechanised patrols from Mersa Matruh all through the autumn. On December 9 he struck, leaping seventy miles to the attack in forty-eight hours. First-rate Intelligence work had told him Graziani was on the point of attacking. Months of specialised training, of minute organisation, preceded Wavell's leap, which was, however, a glorious gamble even at the end. Unless Sidi Barrani could be rushed and outflanked from the desert within five days, the whole attack would have to be called off, since water only for five days could be made available for the assaulting troops.

The Italians were knocked clean off their perch by the audacity of the whole business, but also by the effect of perfect and unexpected co-operation between Army, Navy and Air Force. The three fought as one. Rules and traditions were thrown to the winds. If X and Y wanted support, they got it instantly, and in the element asked for. Meanwhile, every ruse and stratagem was employed to keep down losses. We don't know the half of them yet—they may be found to approximate the celebrated "Lost Haversack" which Wavell recaptured for his Allenby book, and which contributed to the fall of Beersheba in 1917. I anticipate that the exploits of the "Long-range Desert Patrol," mechanised explorers and experts in the desert, will rank with Lawrence's enterprise along the Medina-Damascus railway.

In sixty-two days the Army of the Nile, Wilson, O'Connor and Creagh in the van, advanced four hundred miles to Benghazi and took 133,000 prisoners. Graziani's Cyrenaican Army ceased to exist and the threat to Egypt also. And the Bullfrog of the Pontine got irreparable puncture No. 2, the first having been administered by the admirable Greeks at Koritza.

British casualties in all the fighting in Africa up to February 23 amounted to 2,966, of whom only 604 were killed. The enemy's casualties were over 200,000, including 180,000 prisoners.

And to think that 60,000 fell on one morning alone, July 1, 1916, for an advance of a few hundred yards here and there on a twelve-mile front! I know the comparison does not stand up, but it does make one think.

The record "low" for all time, however, must go to the Italian Somaliland conquest, which was made in exchange for 52 dead, 151 wounded and 2 missing. White losses in all thirteen Abyssinian "theatres" would probably be no higher than Wavell's were in Libya, if we leave on one side the unique heavy fighting for Keren.

Besides perfect co-operation of all arms—such as the Navy rushing round to Mogadishu and Berbera to open up new bases for General Cunningham, and the R.A.F. and South Africans pounding away at positions to be attacked by the infantry, or deluging the Ethiopians and even the Italians with literature—besides this classic co-operation, four further factors contributed to our "exceptionally light losses" (Captain Margesson). Our commanders timed matters perfectly so as to get the only proper campaigning weather; we always had the right troops in the right place at the right moment (thus, climbing Indians for Eritrea and impatient Aussies for striding ahead in Libya and cowing the Italians with a show of bayonet in the attacking grip); and all equipment, from hand grenades to tanks, was "quality" and received the maintenance it deserved.

I leave R.A.F. losses to the end because they bear out so tellingly the Churchillian dictum from which I have borrowed to begin this article. Up to March 15 we lost 130 machines—maybe 300 gallant airmen—and this includes the whole Mediterranean, Libya, Abyssinia and even Albania. Mastery of the skies over thousands of miles in every direction was obtained for this loss. By contrast, we claim 1,200 enemy machines, lost, almost all Italian. Of course, Rome would deny this, but it cannot deny, or, rather, knows only too well, that for the deaths of some three hundred British and Empire airmen, the Regia Aeronautica was as good as removed from the skies.

On the threshold of mighty and no doubt terrible happenings, let us look back here and now on the Three Hundred Days of Wavell, Cunningham, Longmore and their men, as the brightest military page we can readily summon.

THE THREE COMMANDERS—General Sir Archibald Wavell (Commander-in-Chief of the Land Forces); Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham (in command of the Naval Forces); and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore (in command of the Air Forces)

Born 1883, educated at Winchester and Sandhurst. Served in the South African War, on the Indian Frontier in 1908, in France in 1914-16; Military Attaché with the Russians in the Caucasus in 1916-17; with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force in 1917-20; Commander, 6th Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, 1930-34; Commander, 2nd Division, 1935-37; commanded in Palestine and Trans-Jordan, 1937-38; G.O.C.-in-C. Southern Command, 1938-39

Born 1883, educated at Edinburgh Academy, Fareham and H.M.S. "Britannia." Entered the Navy in 1898; served in the European War, 1915-18. Naval A.D.C. to the King in 1932; Commanded Destroyer Flotillas in the Mediterranean in 1933-36; Commanded Battle-Cruiser Squadron and Second-in-Command in the Mediterranean in 1937-38; Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty and Deputy Chief of Naval Staff, 1938-39

Born 1885, and later entered the Royal Navy. He served in the European War and was present at the Battle of Jutland and in Italy; Commandant of the R.A.F. College at Cranwell, 1929-32; Air Officer Commanding Inland Area in 1933-34, and Coastal Area in 1934-36; Commandant of the Imperial Defence College, 1936-38; A.O.C.-in-C. Training Command, 1939. He is, incidentally, a D.L. for the County of Lincolnshire

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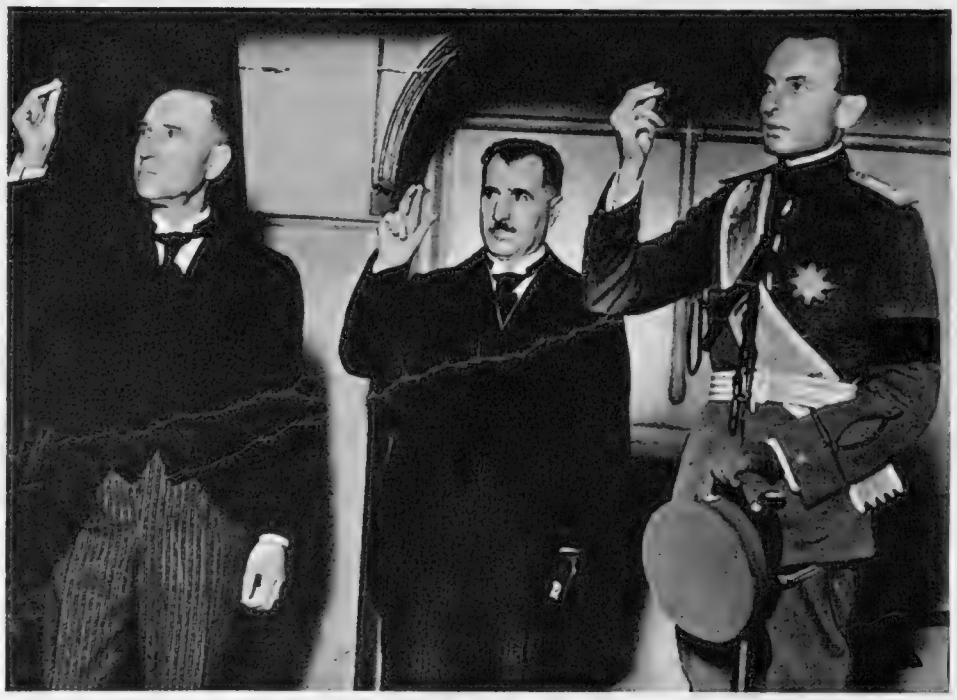
THE UP-RISING IN YUGOSLAVIA

THE PRESENT KING OF YUGOSLAVIA, AS A BOY, WITH HIS FATHER AND MOTHER : This picture was taken in the year 1934, just before the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles in October of that year. On the left is Queen Marie (now the Queen-Mother) : the late King is on the right. The young Prince (then only eleven years of age) came over to England for his education at Sandroyd Preparatory School, in Surrey, where his younger brothers now are. Young King Peter left this school soon after his accession to the Throne

KING PETER II. AND HIS PEOPLE : The King is reported to be well liked by all sections of his people. He is here seen at one of the ceremonies which have endeared him to them, at the Royal Palace in Belgrade. During the "Festival of the Christmas Tree," the head of every household formally receives the Christmas tree—including the King. Here Peter II. is seen receiving officers of his Army at the door of the Palace on this occasion. Prince Paul is on the right

THE LATEST PICTURE OF KING PETER, WITH THE REGENT, PRINCE PAUL : The King is now a young man : he will be eighteen years of age in September, when (had it not been for recent events which forestalled it) he would have assumed complete power as Sovereign. To-day the King is a serious-minded youth, well liked by his people and by the Army, and well versed in his royal duties. The influence of the Regent has now gone completely; and Prince Paul no longer has any say in the affairs of the regenerated Yugoslav nation

THE PRINCE REGENT AND PRINCESS OLGA DRIVE THROUGH ZAGREB IN TRIUMPH : Prince Paul is now reported to have left Yugoslavia for Athens with his wife and family, after having attempted to enter Hungary. This picture was taken during happier days, when thousands of Croats turned out to cheer him during a visit to Zagreb, the Croat capital : the visit of the Regent set the seal on the final settlement of the Croat differences with the central Government. Croatia was then constituted an autonomous province under Dr. Matchek, the Croat leader, who has now joined the new Yugoslav Cabinet



THE THREE REGENTS WHO ASSUMED POWER AFTER THE ASSASSINATION OF KING ALEXANDER IN 1934 : From left to right are Dr. Radenko Stankovitch, Dr. Ivan Perovitch and Prince Paul. These three men formed the Regency Council on the death of the late King, with Prince Paul as their head and the virtual ruler of the country. It is thought by some that the Regent's recent actions have been dictated by the thought of his imminent eclipse in September next, when the boy-King would have come to full power : Prince Paul has long been flirting with Hitler and the Nazis

THE YUGOSLAV "QUISLING" WITH GENERAL GOERING: Milan Stoyadinovitch was formerly Premier of Yugoslavia and the principal pro-Nazi of that country. To remove him from danger—and to prevent him from being set up by the Germans as head of a puppet government—he has been handed over into British keeping for the duration of the war

M. TSVETKOVITCH, EX-PRIME MINISTER OF YUGOSLAVIA, WHO SIGNED THE PACT

THE PRINCE REGENT OF YUGOSLAVIA FLIRTS WITH HITLER: Prince Paul was reported to be a "friend" of Britain: his recent actions in forcing on the peoples of Yugoslavia an alliance they did not want make one wonder whether he was, in fact, a friend of this country. This picture was taken during the course of a meeting between the German and Yugoslavian leaders some little time ago. With the departure of Prince Paul, the Yugoslav nation can now follow its own desires in its external relations with other Powers

PRINCE PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA, PRINCE REGENT UNTIL MARCH 27, when, in view of his evident unpopularity, he, and his two companions in the Regency, resigned office. He is a brother-in-law of the Duchess of Kent. Prince Paul was born in St. Petersburg in 1893, and is thus forty-seven years of age

M. CINCAR-MARKOVITCH, EX-FOREIGN MINISTER, WHO ALSO SIGNED FOR YUGOSLAVIA

THE TWO MINISTERS WHO ARE NO LONGER IN POWER: Full of smiles, Cincar-Markovitch and Tsvetkovitch set out from Belgrade for Vienna to sign the Pact which Yugoslavia did not want. On their return, a bloodless revolution brought about their downfall and subsequent imprisonment. Despite their signature of the Tripartite Pact, it is now stated that neither the King nor his new Government will "ratify"

THE NEW PREMIER OF YUGOSLAVIA, GENERAL DUSAN-SIMOVITCH: Fifty-eight years of age, the new Premier who has taken over control of the country is married and has several children. He commanded the Yugoslav Air Force in 1936-37, was Chief of the General Staff in 1938-39, and has been Chief of the Air General Staff since then. He is widely respected throughout Yugoslavia

THE CROAT LEADER, DR. MATCHEK, who has taken office as one of the new Yugoslavian Government. His acceptance of office is an assurance of Croat co-operation in the new policy of non-co-operation with Yugoslavia's hereditary enemies, the Germans and Austrians

SEVENTEEN YEARS OF AGE AND NOW FULL RULER OF HIS COUNTRY—A RECENT PORTRAIT OF KING PETER II. TAKEN IN THE ROYAL PALACE AT BELGRADE

IN DEFENCE OF BRITAIN

Some New Pictures of Defensive Work by the Army in the Country and on the Coast

COASTAL DEFENCE ALARM PRACTICE: The sentry keeps watch under the shadow of a big gun whilst the searchlight sweeps the sea

ONE OF THE SEARCHLIGHT STATIONS, which is defended by a machine-gun post, the gunners of which are here seen on duty

THE INTENSE BEAM WHICH SWEEPS THE SEA UNCEASINGLY to guard against surprise attack by the enemy

MACHINE-GUN POST AND SEARCHLIGHT TOWER: A constant watch is being maintained round the coasts of this country to overcome the element of surprise by the enemy. These pictures, taken in the Eastern Command, show some aspects of the ceaseless vigil by night

AN INGENIOUS CAMOUFLAGE BY A HOME GUARD: This picture was taken during manœuvres in Bedfordshire. The sniper is using a Browning automatic rifle from a well-concealed position. Note the ingenious method by which he has camouflaged his face and hands

HOW A MESSAGE IS PICKED UP BY PLANE—A SIGNAL SECTION OF THE GUARDS IN TRAINING: This interesting picture was made during training exercises by the Welsh Guards Signal Section. A code message has been laid out on the ground, telling a plane that there is a message waiting for the pilot to pick up. The message is hung on a string stretched between two rifles, with fixed bayonets, seen stuck into the ground—and the white lines on the ground leading to the rifles indicate the plane's "way in" to pick up the message. The latter can be seen hanging on the string in the middle of the white lines. The plane swoops down low and, with the aid of a hook let down from the pilot's cockpit, picks up the message, which is then drawn up for the pilot to read. Careful judgment is necessary, and the man on the ground is there to see that everything goes according to plan

"BLIND MAN'S BUFF" WITH THE MACHINE-GUN: The handling of automatic arms occupies more and more of the time allotted for weapon-training, and in the Eastern Command detachments are learning how to fire machine-guns blindfold, so that they may know every part of the weapon in darkness

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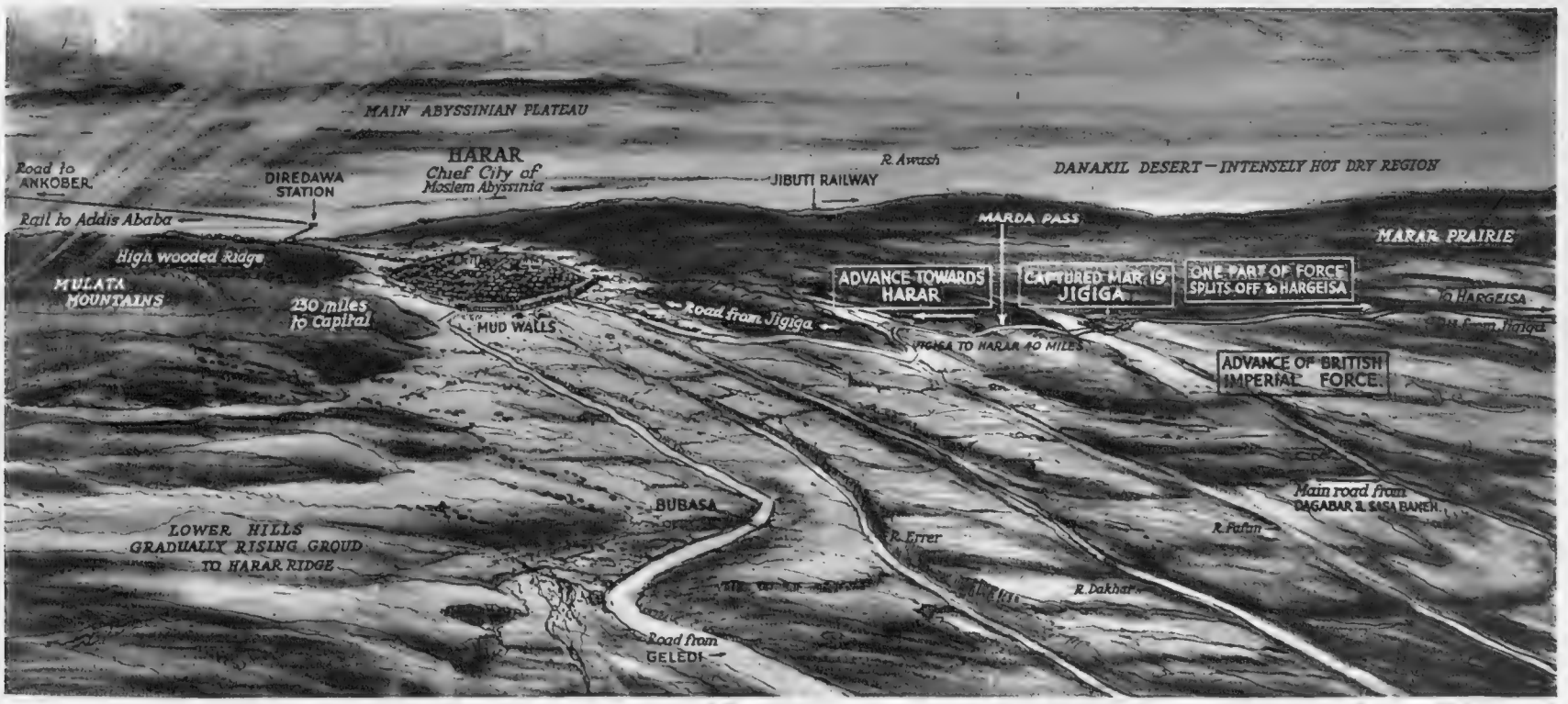
The ADVANCES into ABYSSINIA—and the CAPTURE of HARAR

FROM THE SUDAN ATTACKING THE GONDAR—*Drawing by W. Bryce Hamilton*

It is not so long ago that fierce fighting was taking place around Gallabat, on the Abyssinian-Sudan borders. This was at the time when Graziani was "advancing upon Egypt" and the Italian forces in Abyssinia were pushing outwards in all directions—into Kenya, the Sudan, British Somaliland, and elsewhere. All that is now changed, however: not a single Italian remains on British soil, except as a prisoner. From the east, north, south and west British columns are advancing, and converging on Addis Ababa, which, in everyone's opinion, is now doomed. From the Sudan, native forces under British officers are operating in the Gondar region north of Lake Tana: they are coming from the frontier post of Gallabat. Already they have penetrated into Abyssinia for some hundred miles and are now fighting in the plains which stretch away to their goal. The nature of this country is shown in the drawing above, which is based on photographic material. The British forces are making good use of the existing roads, employing motor transport to bring the Sudanese troops into action. These men are well schooled in this type of warfare

THE CENTRE SQUARE AT HARAR, THE MOST IMPORTANT TOWN OF ITS PROVINCE: During the Italian campaign of 1936 (despite that it had been de-militarised and declared an "open" town) Harar suffered one of the biggest bombing raids of the war

HARAR, A VITAL SPOT IN THE ITALIAN DEFENCE OF THEIR GIMCRACK EMPIRE, IS NOW LOST TO THEM: This picture shows how the native dwellings are built in a series of terraces in the town



Drawing by Percy Home

THE ADVANCE ON HARAR, CHIEF CITY OF NORTHERN ABYSSINIA, WHICH WAS CAPTURED ON MARCH 27 BY WAY OF THE MARDA PASS

Having reached Jigjiga in a series of gigantic hops from the south, British Imperial Forces soon came within striking distance of Harar. Between these two towns lies the strategically important Marda Pass, which, however, was surprisingly abandoned by the Italians almost without a struggle, despite that it could have been strongly defended by machine-gun posts and light artillery. In command at Harar was General Dessimoni, who had between 12,000 and 15,000 men in garrison at Harar and Diredawa. It was stated in Cairo that the British columns might bypass Harar and push on direct to Diredawa, which is on the Jibouti railway, connecting Addis Ababa with French territory on the Red Sea and the only outlet left to the Italian garrisons in Abyssinia. But, instead, Harar was made the subject of a frontal attack and was captured by the advancing British Forces on the same day as Keren, in Eritrea, to the north of Abyssinia

THIS IS WHAT THE OBSERVER NORMALLY SEES DURING A "DOG FIGHT": This picture was taken some few weeks ago over the East Coast. The analysis of the various smoke-trails is shown on the right

The SMOKE-TRAILS in the SKY

Specially Interpreted and Explained for "Sphere" Readers, to Indicate What Happens During Aerial "Dog Fights"

THE research which has been carried out in connection with the photographs reproduced on these pages has been undertaken by Mr. S. W. Clatworthy, who will doubtless be known to many of our readers through his excellent diagrammatic drawings and who has given a good deal of careful study to this subject.

There is, of course, nothing intentional about "trail-making" in the sky: the aircraft concerned cannot deliberately make these trails, nor can they prevent their appearance when conditions in the upper altitudes are favourable. In some cases, when the aircraft are very high and almost inaudible, it is only possible to trace their passage by this means. The smoke-trails usually occur at heights of between 15,000 and 30,000 ft. They are the result of the very high speed attained by the tips of the propeller blades spinning in an atmosphere near to saturation, or cloud-forming, conditions. The airscrew tips provide, as it were, the final push which precipitates clouds in their immediate locality: the result is a thread of vapour—of the same nature as cloud—in the wake of the propeller.

In the large picture on the right the expert can detect that the trails have been formed as the result of a running fight between three German and one British fighter, beginning at the point marked **(1)**. Trails are newest formed where they are thinnest and whitest, as at **(2)**. The scene of the actual fight is at **(3)**, lower than the clouds (cirro-stratus at about 30,000 ft.); and the action continues towards **(2)** where the enemy appears to have sought cover in the clouds.

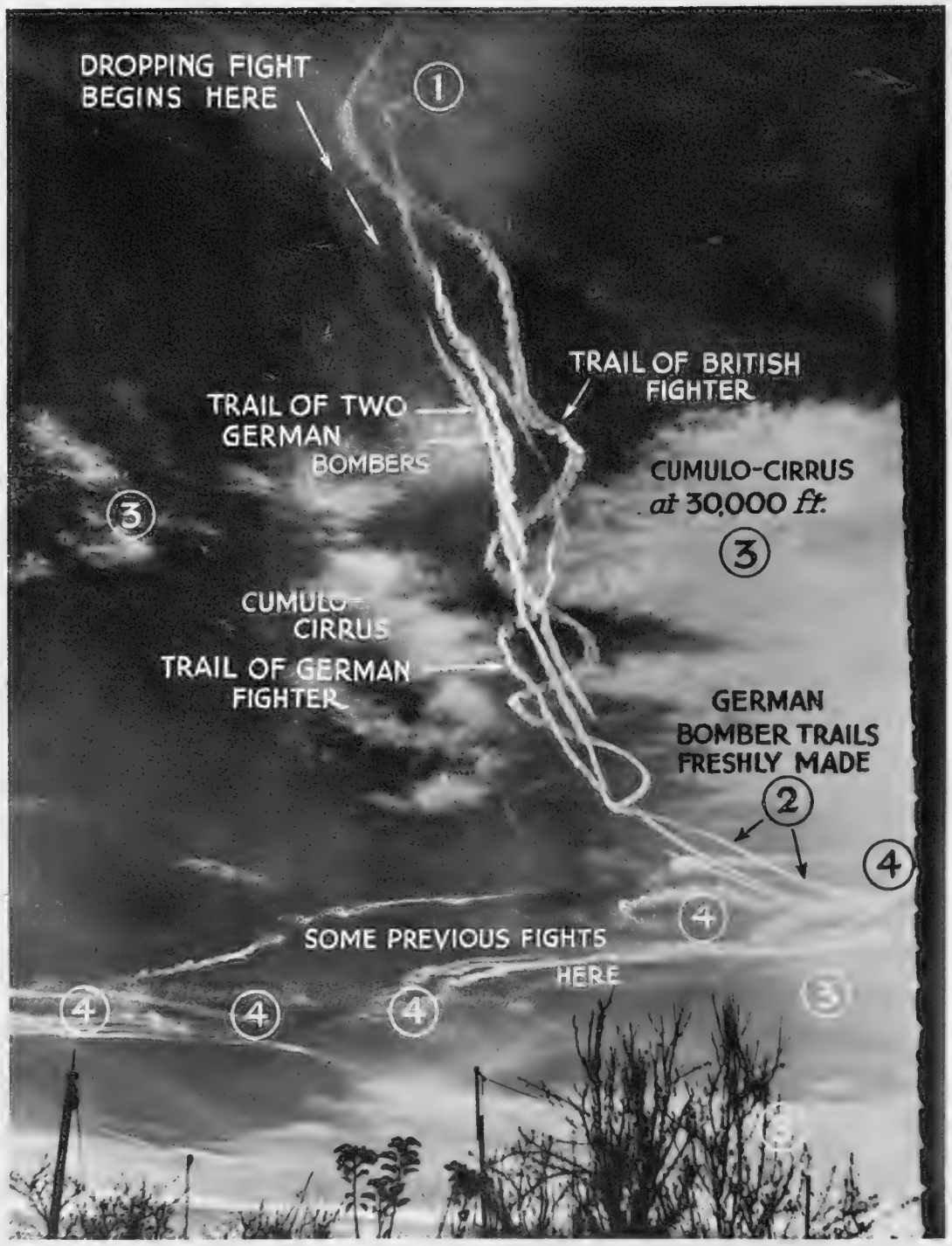
Before the chief engagement took place, fighting seems to have occurred previously at **(4)**: but these trails have now become too diffused to be reliably deciphered. Possibly the three enemy planes observed these trails in the sky and were trying to join in the action as the result of their observations of these.

To turn now to the actual running fight itself: the big downward trails are those of two German bombers. We can assume that they are bombers because the faster fighter can zigzag widely yet keep pace with them. If the trails were more detailed they would show a twin origin from the twin airscrews merging into one. The trails are temporarily broken at **(5)**, where a patch of drier atmosphere has obviously been traversed. Bombers, it may be added, when attacked, maintain formation together in order mutually to assist each other with cross-fire from their guns operated in conjunction with each other.

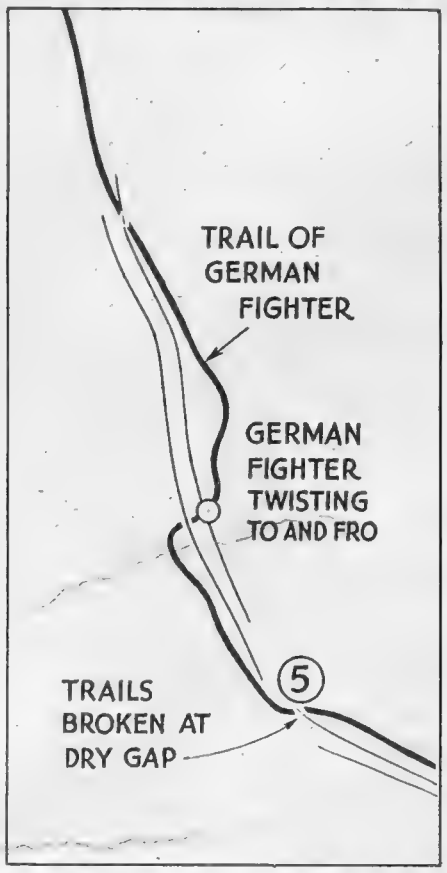
Of the first of the two tracings below, the one on the left is the trail of a German fighter vacillating to and fro above the bombers in an attempt to hold off the attacking fighter. Possibly he has broken away from the atmospheric gap at **(5)** to avoid the latter.

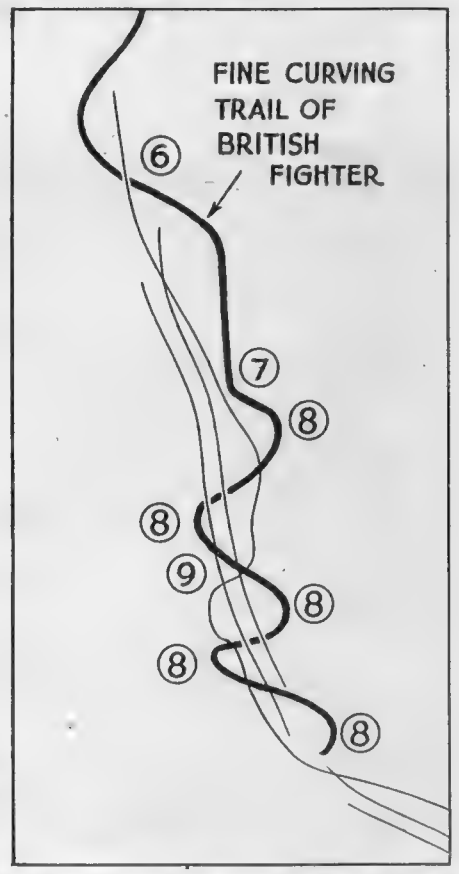
The second tracing, on the right adds the trail of the attacking British fighter. He may shoot first when the German fighter comes into his sights at **(6)**, but is momentarily baulked by it at **(7)**. He then banks successfully at **(7)** and **(8)**, alternately climbing or diving across the bombers and firing at each approach. His trail either lapses at the atmospheric gap or he breaks off through lack of ammunition, having fired six bursts, with a possible seventh, at **(7)**.

The German fighter is markedly wobbly by comparison, and all three Germans appear decidedly jittery at the point of the battle marked **(9)**. In fact, the British fighter's fine bold curves are in marked contrast to the shaky progress of the Germans throughout.

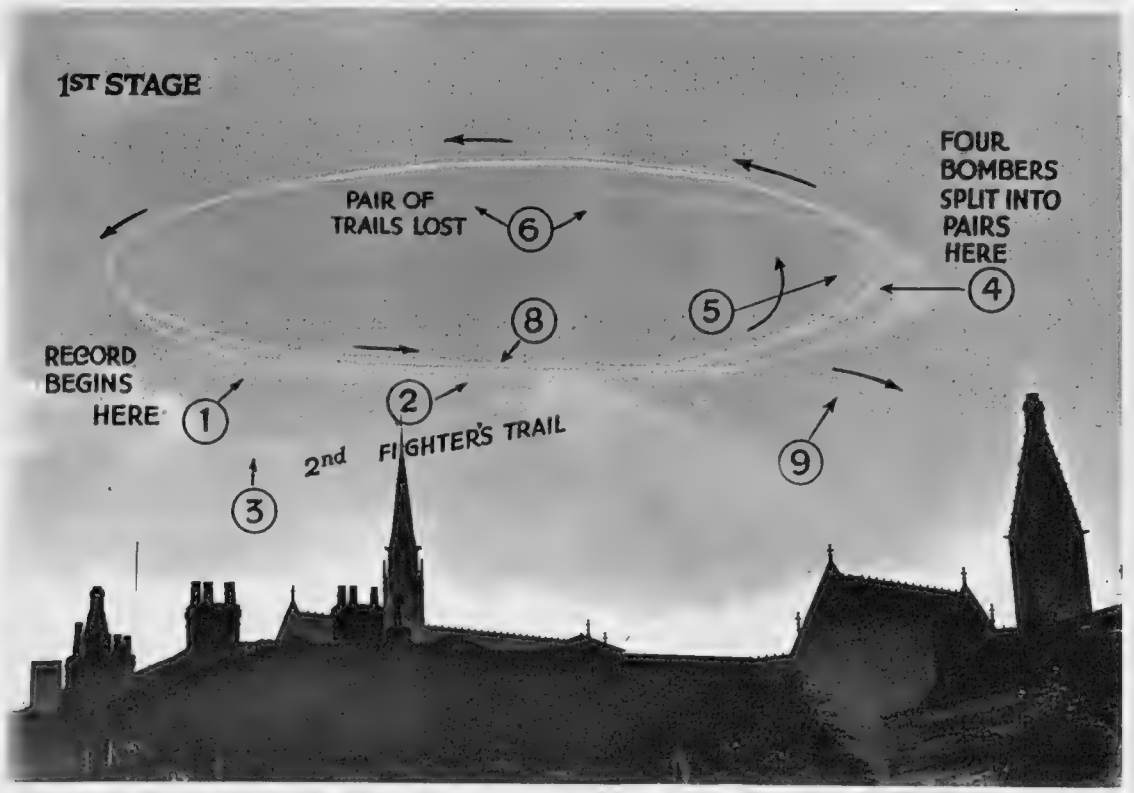


WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENS DURING A "DOG FIGHT": An expert here dissects the various smoke-trails and—in the notes on the left and with the aid of the two diagrams reproduced below—describes what is actually going on in the air as the patterns are woven





TAKING THE LARGE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE AS BASIS, OUR EXPERT HERE OUTLINES THE COURSE OF THE CONTENDING AIRCRAFT DURING THE "DOG FIGHT." By applying this diagram to the upper photograph, the two sets of aerial manoeuvres carried out by the British and German contestants will become comprehensible



A "ROUNDABOUT"—ONE OF THE TWO COMMONEST FORMS OF AIR COMBAT: The picture was taken from a London roof-top: a detailed description of what is going on is given in the notes on the right

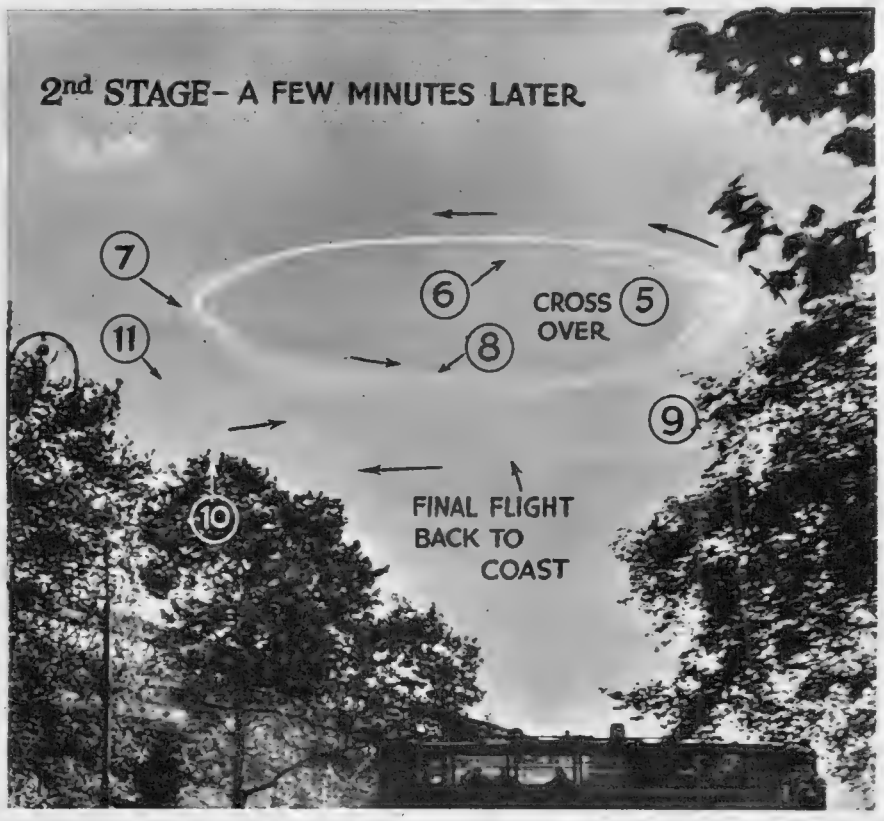
AN ANALYSIS of the "ROUNDABOUT" SHOWN on the LEFT and BELOW—

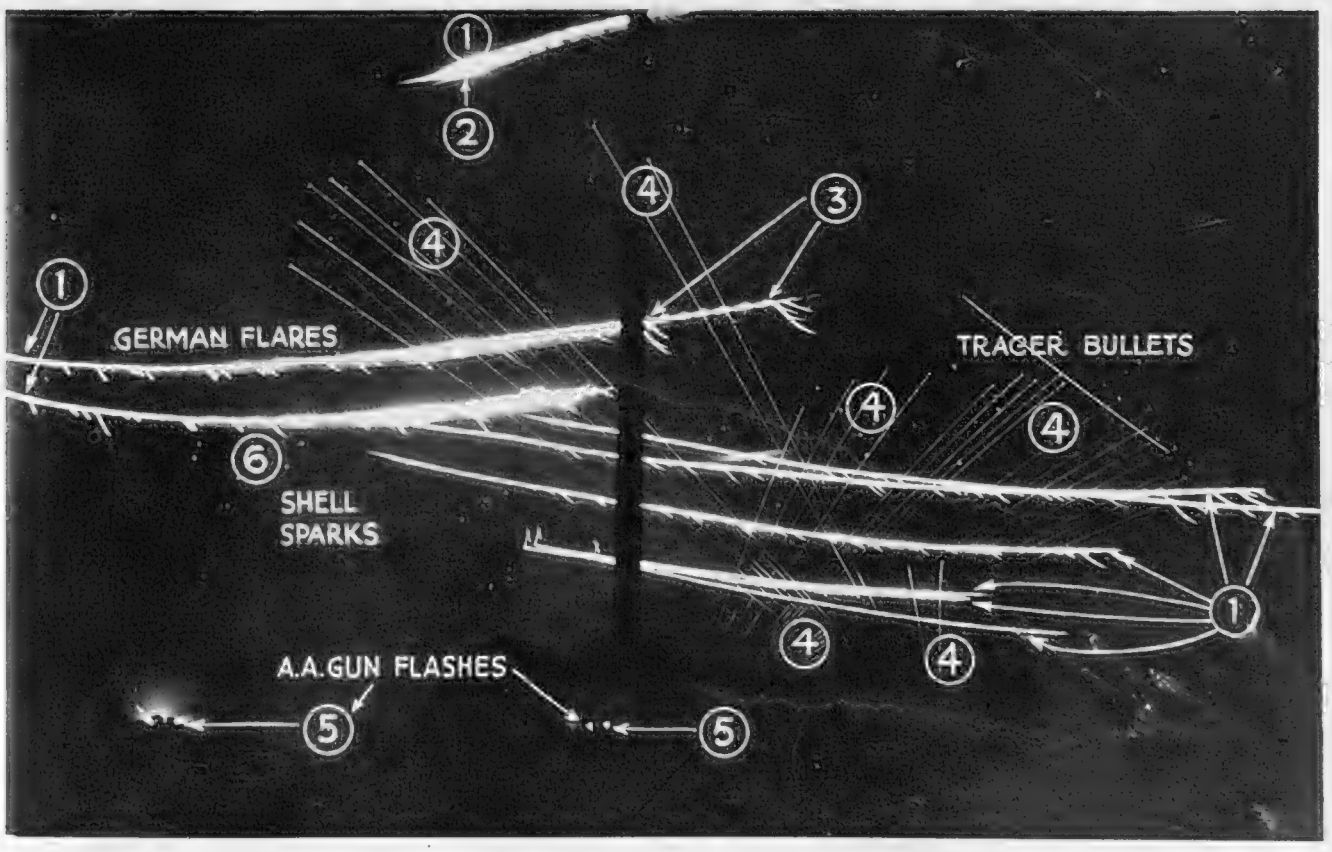
The running fight and the "roundabout" are the two forms of air combat which have most commonly been registered in photography. These two pictures show the same battle. The probable height of this was 25,000 ft., and the narrow ellipse shows it to have taken place several miles away—probably over the south-eastern suburbs during an attempted attack on the Capital.

The circle is not nearly tight enough for it to be the usual "get-on-his-tail" contest. It is the more usual "heading-off" action; to prevent the bombers from reaching town, the actual "killing" taking place during their journey home.

About four bombers have approached as shown by the oldest trail at **(1)**. They begin turning inwards to avoid a fighter at **(2)**; a second fighter climbing from **(3)** joins them. They then split the bombers into two pairs at **(4)**. In their flurry one cross-over shoot can plainly be seen at **(5)**. In heading off the outer pair the trail-making stratum is lost at **(6)**, and their record then ends. The inner pair are forced right round till they are heading south; the complication at **(7)** suggests that they objected strongly to this frustration of their bombing effort. They attempt to turn inwards again at **(8)**, but once more they are headed south at **(9)**, and chased finally from the scene at **(10)**. The unaccompanied trail at **(11)** is doubtful; possibly it is the first fighter going off to replenish his ammunition.

A DISPLAY OF SHELL-BURSTS FROM THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BARRAGE DURING AN ENEMY ATTACK ON BALLOONS: The aircraft which are the targets of the anti-aircraft guns have actually gone out of the picture in the top left-hand corner and rather forward: this is indicated by the fact that the left-hand bursts are coming closer. The top left-hand burst is the smallest, most globular, and the last to be made: it is two or three seconds old, the others being older in the same order in which they have increased in size and raggedness. This is due to their further expansion and dispersal by the wind





ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME COMBAT AS THAT PICTURED IN THE TOP LEFT OF THIS PAGE
(Descriptive notes above.)

***On left*—TRACER SHELLS, FLARES AND GUN-FLASHES IN THE SKY**

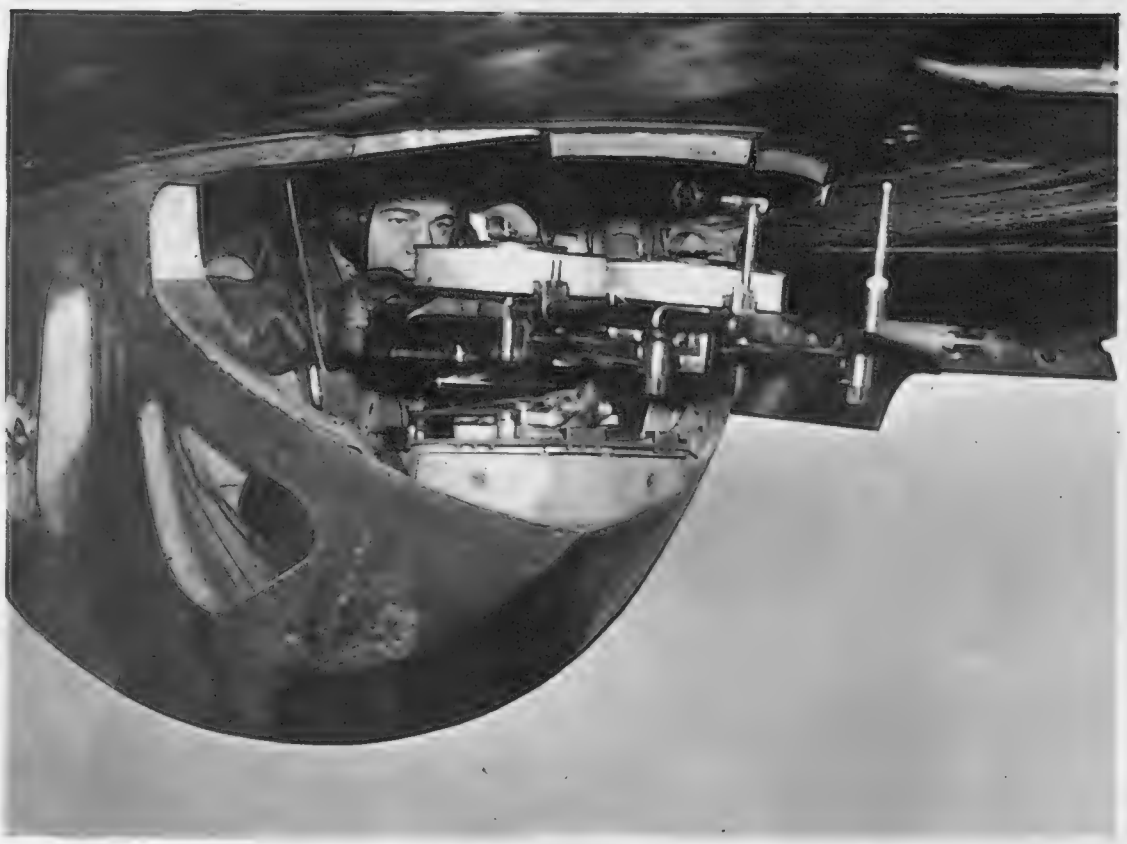
1-1.—These are flares, nine in all. They record as streaks because they drift in the wind across the lens during the long night-time exposure. They are more or less on a level, one behind the other; and have been dropped in succession, going roughly away from the camera and sinking slowly.

2.—This shows clearly where the first flare breaks into brilliance.

3-3.—The "tendrils" along the flare-paths are glowing fragments broken off by *machine-gun* fire from the ground.

4-4.—Tracer *bullets* from ground machine-guns which are trying to smash the flares. A ruler laid against the longer tracks will show the slight curve of their trajectories. There are, of course, other, and invisible, bullets between the tracers in the machine-gun belts.

5-5.—A.-A. gun-flashes on the horizon. Dotted about like stars are the sparks of their bursting shells, those seen probably being fired at the flares dropped. The three pairs of sparks at **(6)**—other examples may also be seen—suggest a double burst in each case, and are aligned on the left-hand battery.



EXPOSED POSITIONS: (*Above*) **The navigator's station in the nose of the bomber; (*below*) the air-gunner in his cockpit below the fuselage**

For the navigator, who is usually also the bomb-aimer in British aircraft, a clear, uninterrupted view is essential: hence he is usually accommodated right in the nose where there is nothing to obstruct him. Right in the front of the aeroplane is a sheet of optical glass—quite flat—to aid the bomb-aimer in his task. On some British bombers, too, provision has been made for a gunner in a cockpit *beneath* the fuselage: the value of this is obvious—lying flat on his stomach the gunner can ward off attack from below, and thus thwart the fighters who may attempt to sweep upwards, firing as they come

AIR COMMENTARY BY C. G. GREY
Founder of "The Aeroplane"

PROTECTING the PEOPLE'S FOOD

—And the New Types of American Aircraft

ALL this agitation in the newspapers for the bombing of Berlin, and to some extent of Rome, reminds one of the similar agitation in the last Anglo-German war for reprisals. I am all for reprisals, if they will help to win the war, but we have not, and can never have, bombers or bombs to spare for non-productive objectives.

Berlin is an ugly city, bar some of the new and unfinished parts of it, so little harm would be done by flattening it. The Berliners have little civic patriotism, for the city is too new, so nobody's feelings would be much hurt by bombing them out of it. There are no worth-while factories in Berlin, so hardly any output of war material would be stopped by smashing it. And, lastly, the Berliners have even less influence among the people of Germany than have Londoners among the people of Great Britain.

No Englishman, Scot, North Irishman or Welshman would be such a fool as to argue that the war would stop if London were laid flat. And a lot of foresighted social reformers would be glad of the chance of building a decent city where our slums in the East and silly little one-way streets in the West still stand. Think of a London with broad speedways north and south and east and west, such as Berlin was going to have, and light and air everywhere. We should end by being grateful to the people who made possible the sweeping-away of vested interests in street-corner sites and Naboth's vineyards of projecting and obstructing buildings.

The only thing to regret about the bombing of London is the misery of the poor people who have been bombed out of the wretched houses which they loved as their homes. The abolition of all the jerry-built Victorian suburban streets in Carpenter's Gothic and the newer twentieth-century "estates" in Chain-Store Tudor architecture, and the hideous municipal buildings in Sanitary-Inspectors' Renaissance, would be a national benefaction. Only they might be replaced by something as grimly functional as modern Regent Street.

In Germany, in the same way, Leipsic, Stuttgart, Köln (Cologne to us), Dresden, Darmstadt, Mannheim, Frankfurt (whether on Main or Oder), Lübeck, Stettin, and thousands of other cities are not going to worry if Berlin be destroyed. Bombing capitals is a silly game and a waste of bombs and bombers.

One might hurt the feelings of the German people more by obliterating Nürnberg (Nuremberg to us) or Augsburg, because they are among the few cities which survived the depredations of Tilley on one side and Wallenstein on the other in the Thirty Years War, a devastation which far surpassed anything that mere bombing could ever do. But what would be the good? They do not produce war material or foodstuffs of any importance.

No! The only places worth bombing are places where war material is made. Even smashing railways and canals is, by comparison, hardly worth while. A bomber and its crew may be well lost if an aircraft factory or a U-boat yard be put out of action for six months, but not if a railway junction be put out for six hours. Why, three hours of London fog during the rush-period can do better than that! So let us stick to bombing the factories and shipyards.

Protecting the People's Food.—Meantime, in or out of slums, the people must be fed. And our shipping losses, as disclosed in figures which mean nothing to most men, are emphasised in official warnings. Eminent politicians preach about tightening our belts and eating more carrots (a loathsome legume), in a way which must surely spread such alarm and despondency as would land any ordinary person in jail without benefit of clergy or *Habeas Corpus*.

On which subject I was pleased to see that Mr. Winston Churchill hailed the United States Lease-and-Lend Law as a new Magna Charta. I had thought that King John's good deed for the day, like the *Habeas Corpus*, was in abeyance for the duration, and might need some excavation afterwards. Anyhow, this new Magna Charta is going to be a fine thing if we can persuade the enemy's aircraft and submarines and surface raiders that interference with our sea transport is unhealthy.

I do not like to see our transport war called the Battle of the Atlantic, or the Battle of the Ports. We heard too much a year ago about the Battle of the Bulge and Hitler's Peninsular War in Norway. Phrase-makers' titles have too often turned out to be words of ill omen. Much better get on with the good work, and get the stuff here. That is the Navy's job primarily, but without the R.A.F. the Fleet Air Arm alone could not give the needed help from the air.

Oversea Fighting Scouts.—We have heard so much about German air-scouts—bombers far out in the Atlantic—that there seems a need for fighters to fetch them down.

During the Civil War in Spain, when the Italians in Majorca were bombing Barcelona and Valencia and the bigger ports on the east coast, the Reds used to tranship their arms and munitions from the ships which brought them from Marseilles or from Russia into little sailing-boats, which landed them at tiny fishing ports. These were always discovered and were duly bombed by the Spanish Nationalist Air Force from inland. There was the usual howl about bombing non-military objectives and beauty spots and open towns, and so forth. But the landing of supplies was made very difficult.

Somebody has suggested a similar policy for us. It would be pure defeatism, an admission that we cannot protect our shipping or our ports. Imagine, too, having to tranship cargoes in the North Atlantic. Alternatively, running the cargoes all the way in little ships would not be sensible. Actually, quite big ocean-going tramps could use those fiord-like lochs in north and west Scotland. I remember driving over a coastal mountain pass on the north coast of Scotland and finding myself looking down on to the decks of one of our biggest carriers and two destroyers close in-shore and several miles from the open sea.

How much better than all that would be the adequate patrol by aircraft and sea-going ships of the steamship lanes between here and America—and down the west coast of Africa. One of the difficulties of these ocean-going patrols is that, although all our capital ships and cruisers carry air-scouts, they are all float-planes launched from catapults, which have to alight on the water and be picked up and hauled aboard by a derrick. Float-planes are necessarily slower than aeroplanes with wheels, and the sea is often so rough that they cannot safely alight on it. So they are not so useful as they should be.

Everybody has forgotten that in 1912 that sporting little French pilot, Pégoud, the first man to loop the loop, became also the first man to start on wheels on the ground and hook on to a wire in the air. M. Louis Blériot had a theory that it was the proper way for an aeroplane to come aboard a ship. And I believe that he was right. I think that Pégoud did, in fact, hook on to a wire stretched between two derricks along the side of a French warship.

Big Airships Again.—The scheme was forgotten during the war of 1914-18, but it was revived later for use with airships, when the States and France and England all thought that big airships would be useful in war, if filled with helium. And think how useful they would be to-day over our steamship lanes against submarines and surface raiders. The idea was that each airship should carry half-a-dozen fighters to protect it against air attack, and to increase its radius of scouting.

The first pilot to drop off and hook onto an airship was my very dear friend, Squadron Leader Rollo

Amyas de Haga Haig—on October 15, 1925. I have his broken airscrew as a memento. He was drowned about four years ago, while sailing a trawler. After that the U.S. Navy built two big ships, the *Akron* and the *Macon*, which carried half-a-dozen fighters apiece right inside their hulls. Both ships were wrecked, through no fault of the aeroplanes, and the Americans lost their nerve and their faith in airships.

If we had these ships to-day no surface raider could escape being spotted, and, sooner or later, it would be caught by our Navy. And submarines would never dare to emerge. Even our little blimps did finely against U-boats in the last war. And if an enemy fighter-bomber came near a big airship, the fighters would just drop out of the airship's belly and sink the bomber. What a lost opportunity!

What the States are Sending Us.—While we are on the subject of U.S. aircraft, a list of the aeroplanes which the States are sending to us, or are going to send, may be useful. Here they are alphabetically; the English name is given in italics. The American name, if any, is inside quotation marks. The capital letters and numbers are the official designation in the U.S. Army Air Corps or Naval Air Service. The difference between the powers given for motors of the same name is explained by the fact that each motor is made in different models, with different compression and different supercharge pressures, with which the power varies. First let us take the Fighters: Guns in the fuselage of single-motor machines have to be fired by a synchronising gear and so fire much more slowly than guns in the wings or in the noses of multi-motor craft.

Boston.—The Douglas DB7 (or 7A or 7B, according to motor used). Two Wright double-row Cyclones of 1,600 h.p. each. Four machine-guns in nose. A three-seat night-fighter.

Buffalo.—The Brewster XF2A-2 (Export Model 339) One Wright Cyclone of 1,200 h.p. Speed, 330 m.p.h. Two guns in fuselage, two in wings. Fleet fighter in U.S. Navy; land fighter in R.A.F.

Caribou.—The Bell P39 "Airacobra." One Allison liquid-cooled motor of 1,100 h.p. Speed 400 m.p.h. One 37-mm. (1½ in.) air cannon firing through airscrew shaft, four machine-guns, ·303, in the wing. One of the fastest single-seat fighters in the world, and one of the most intelligently-designed aeroplanes. Lawrence Bell is one of the most experienced designer-constructors in America, and always has original ideas.

"Lightning."—The Lockheed P38. Two Allisons of 1,100 h.p. each. Speed, 404 m.p.h. One cannon and four machine-guns in the nose.

Martlet.—The Grumman XF4F-3 (G-36). One Cyclone of 1,200 h.p. Speed, 330 m.p.h. Two machine-guns in fuselage and two in wings. Single-seat fighter, for British Fleet Air Arm.

Mohawk.—The Curtiss Hawk 75-A. One Pratt and Whitney Twin Wasp of 1,100 h.p. Speed, 323 m.p.h. Two ·5 guns in fuselage and four ·303 in wings. Single-seat fighter.

"Mustang."—The North American NA73. One Allison of 1,100 h.p. Alleged speed, 400 m.p.h. No particulars of armament. Single-seat fighter.

Tomahawk.—The Curtiss P40 (or Hawk 81A, for export). One Allison of 1,100 h.p. Speed, 330 m.p.h. Two synchronised guns in fuselage and four in wings. About the best U.S. single-seat fighter on orthodox lines.

Vanguard.—Vultee 61. One Twin Wasp of 1,200 h.p. with extended shaft drive to give better shape. Speed, 350 m.p.h. Two synchronised machine-guns in fuselage and four in each wing. Single-seat fighter.

The Bombers and the Boats.—Now let us look at the bombers. The phrase, "Disposable Load," means the difference between weight empty and weight fully loaded. The load may be petrol for range or bombs for effect.

Boston.—Douglas DB7. Already described as a fighter. May be used as light bomber. Disposable load, 3,600 lb.

Digby.—Douglas DB18A. Two Cyclones of 1,200 h.p. each. Machine-guns in front turret and aft. Speed, 220 m.p.h. Medium bomber.

"Flying Fortress."—Boeing B-17B. Four Cyclones of 1,200 h.p. each. Machine-guns in blisters or turrets all over. Alleged speed, 268 m.p.h. Heavy bomber. Disposable load, 21,000 lb. (claimed).

Hudson.—Lockheed 414. Two Cyclones of 1,100 h.p. each. Machine-guns in nose, in turret aft. Speed, 246 m.p.h. Medium bomber-reconnaissance. Disposable load, 4,200 lb.

Liberator.—Consolidated XB-24 (Model 32). Four Pratt and Whitney Twin Wasps of 1,200 h.p. each. Gun turrets in nose and tail. Speed, 320 m.p.h. Heavy bomber. Disposable load (estimated), 15,000 lb.

Maryland.—Martin 167-B4. Two Twin Wasps of 1,050 h.p. each. Speed, 305 m.p.h. Medium bomber. Disposable load, 4,800 lb.

Ventura.—Lockheed 414-40. Two Cyclones of 1,200 h.p. Guns as above. Speed, 260 m.p.h. Disposable load, 5,250 lb.

The flying-boats so far ordered are both from the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation:

Catalina.—Consolidated PBY (Model 28). Two Twin Wasps of 1,200 h.p. Gun turrets in nose and on back of hull. Speed, 190 m.p.h. Patrol-boat. Disposable load, 12,750 lb.

"Consolidated 31."—Model 31. Two Duplex Cyclones of 2,000 h.p. each. Speed, 200 m.p.h. estimated. Long-range patrol-boat. Disposable load, 22,000 lb.

Next come the dive-bombers, so-called, though they are really light bombers in much the same class as our obsolete Blenheims, and all are under-armed, which will doubtless be remedied.

Bermuda.—Brewster SBA-1 (Model 138). One Cyclone of 950 h.p. One gun forward and one aft. Speed, 302 m.p.h.

Chesapeake.—Vought-Sikorski SB2U-3 (V-156). One Twin Wasp Junior of 800 h.p. One ·303 gun forward and one aft. Speed, 255 m.p.h.

Cleveland.—Curtiss SBC-4 (Model 77) or "Hell-Diver." One Cyclone of 1,000 h.p. One machine-gun forward and one aft. Speed, 240 m.p.h.

"D.8A."—Douglas 8A3 or 8A5. One Twin Wasp of 1,050 h.p. Four ·303 guns in wings, one aft. Speed, 260 m.p.h.

Lastly there are the trainers:

Harvard.—North American BC-1A (16-3). One Wasp of 550 h.p. Speed, 206 m.p.h.

Yale.—North American BT-14 (16-1). One Whirlwind of 420 h.p. Speed, 170 m.p.h.

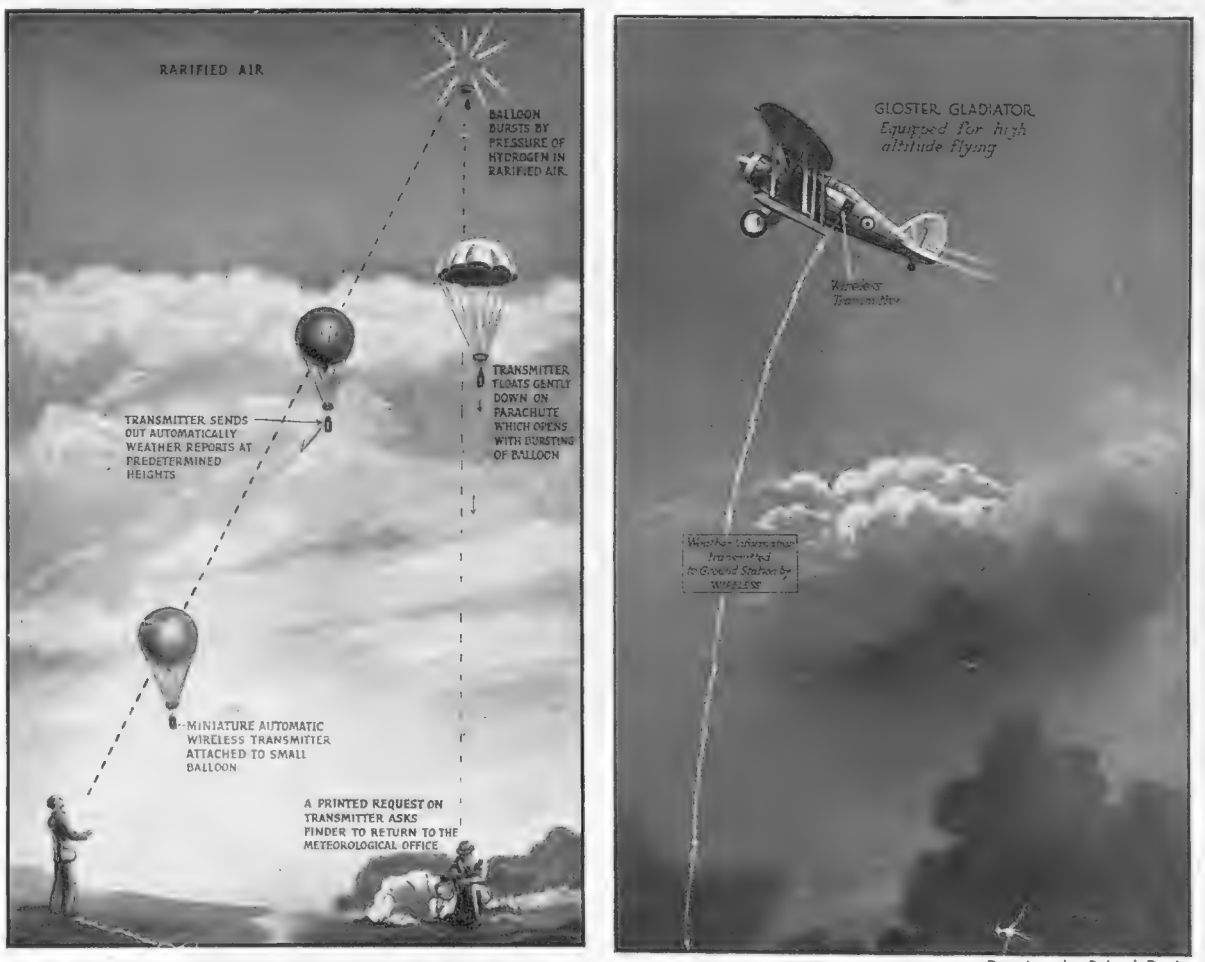
The Desperadoes.—One of our papers told us lately of a wonderful *Corps d'Elite* which the Army is forming—of men who can swim miles in marching kit, holding a tommy-gun clear of the water, and can climb vertical cliffs on landing, and so forth—obviously a band of desperadoes to be used in landings on enemy coasts and for tip-and-run raids and suchlike joyous adventures. Something like that was foreseen in a very small book called *The Cavalry Went Through*, published about 1920. It showed what might have been done in 1917-18 by a platoon, then a company, then a battalion, and ultimately a division, of picked men, trained to use their brains, and how they let the cavalry through behind the German lines—as the cavalry *might* have gone through after the Battle of Arras, if only we had known (see *Prelude to Victory*, by General Spears). We shall want all that and more when we invade Germany—as we shall when our new long-range fighters can give us the command of the air for fifty miles inland, so that we can land our troops and stores. The more that we shall want will be proper ground-strafing and Army co-operation aeroplanes *and* cavalry on hairy horses to go where tanks cannot. Just watch and see.

* * *

There is interest in hearing officially that the first Consolidated Liberator to fly here from America was the first four-motor bomber to do so. A lot of us thought, thanks to U.S. newspaper propaganda, that some dozens of Boeing "Flying Fortresses" had already arrived here under their own power. If we have got as many as we think we have, perhaps that accounts for the shortage of shipping for the people's food.

Among Lord Beaverbrook's good things was the assurance that "there is a stage in the evolution of every new type when we ask what the Air Marshals wish—their decision is final with us." But what about the other way round, when the Air Marshals want something very much, and the official experts say that they are too busy to touch it, or that their research establishments are too busy to investigate it for months? Are the wishes of the Air Marshals final, then? And anyhow, which Air Marshals?

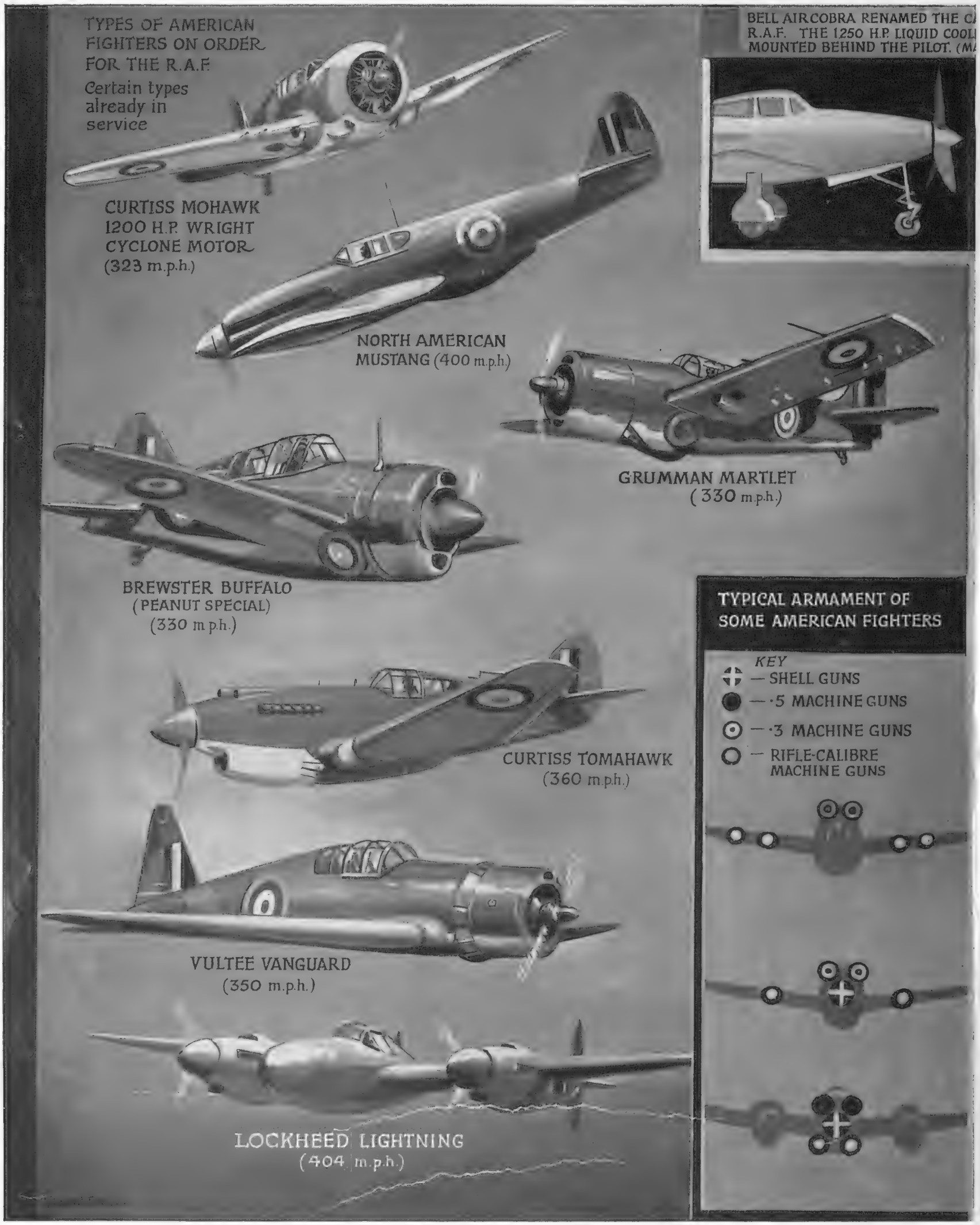
THE "BACK SEAT" IN A BOMBER: The rear gunner's position—one of the most isolated in the R.A.F. For hours at a stretch when carrying out raids the gunner can only communicate with the rest of the crew through the "inter-com." telephone



Drawings by Roland Davies

HOW THE R.A.F. GAINS ITS WEATHER INFORMATION—BY SMALL BALLOONS RELEASED INTO THE STRATOSPHERE AND BY A SPECIAL "WEATHER FLIGHT" CARRIED OUT DAILY BY GLOSTER GLADIATOR AIRCRAFT

Weather information is necessary for the R.A.F., and every day the conditions must be investigated. Radio is used extensively for this purpose, especially for ascertaining conditions in the upper air. A comparatively recent innovation in this connection is the use of miniature automatic radio transmitters attached to small balloons. These automatically send out reports of the weather at various predetermined heights. The balloons are free, and as they ascend into the higher rarefied air the pressure of the hydrogen within expands until they burst. A parachute then opens and the wireless apparatus floats down. The latter, when found, should be forwarded by the finder to the meteorological office. In addition to this method, there is the daily "Weather Flight" carried out by Gloster Gladiator aircraft of the R.A.F. These planes are equipped for high-altitude flying. As they climb, the information secured by the pilot is transmitted by radio to the ground. Every day of the year—no matter what the weather—these flights are carried out



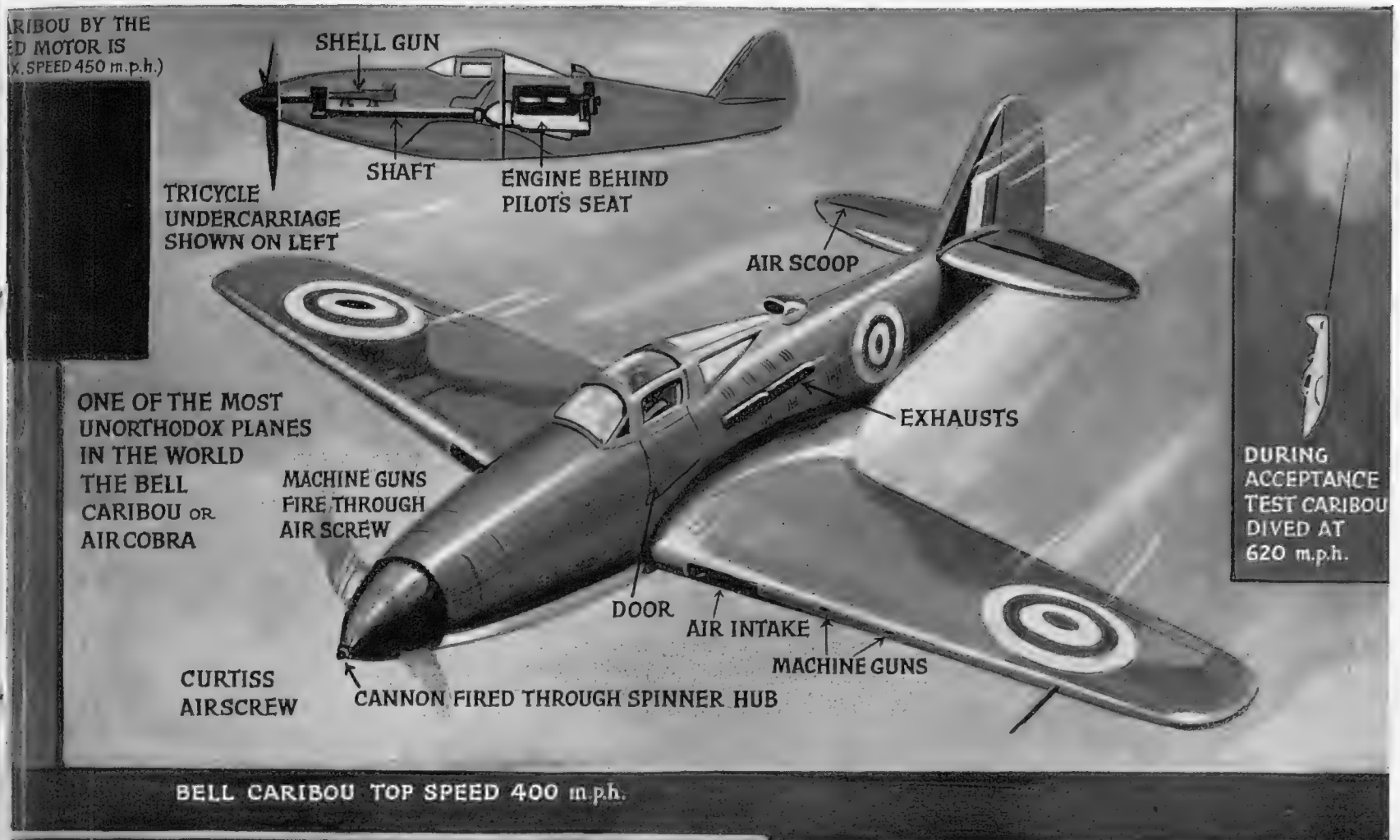
The NEW TYPES of U.S. MACHINES ORDERED for SERVICE with the R.A.F.

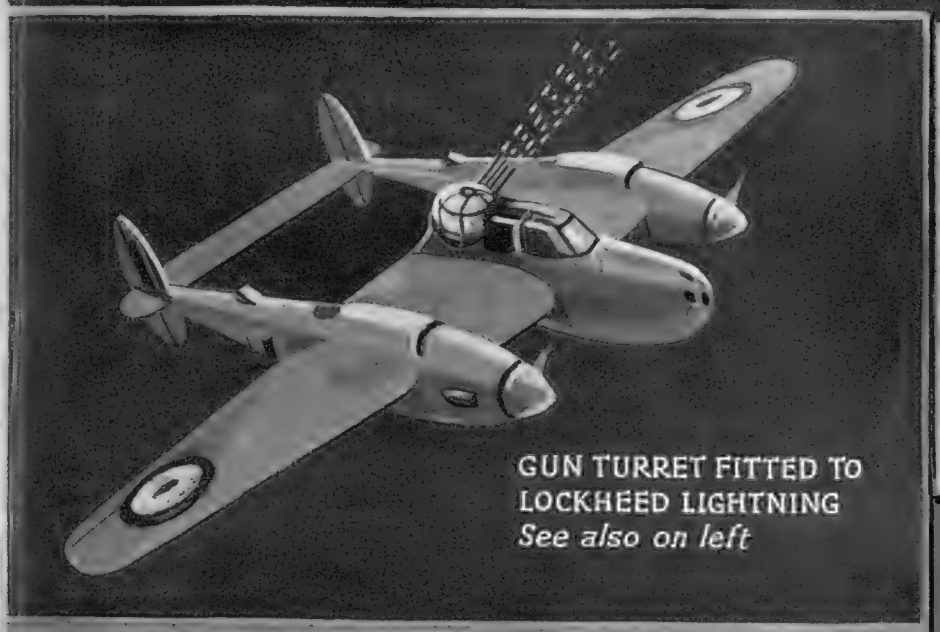
(I) THE FIGHTER PLANES — *Drawings by Roland Davies*

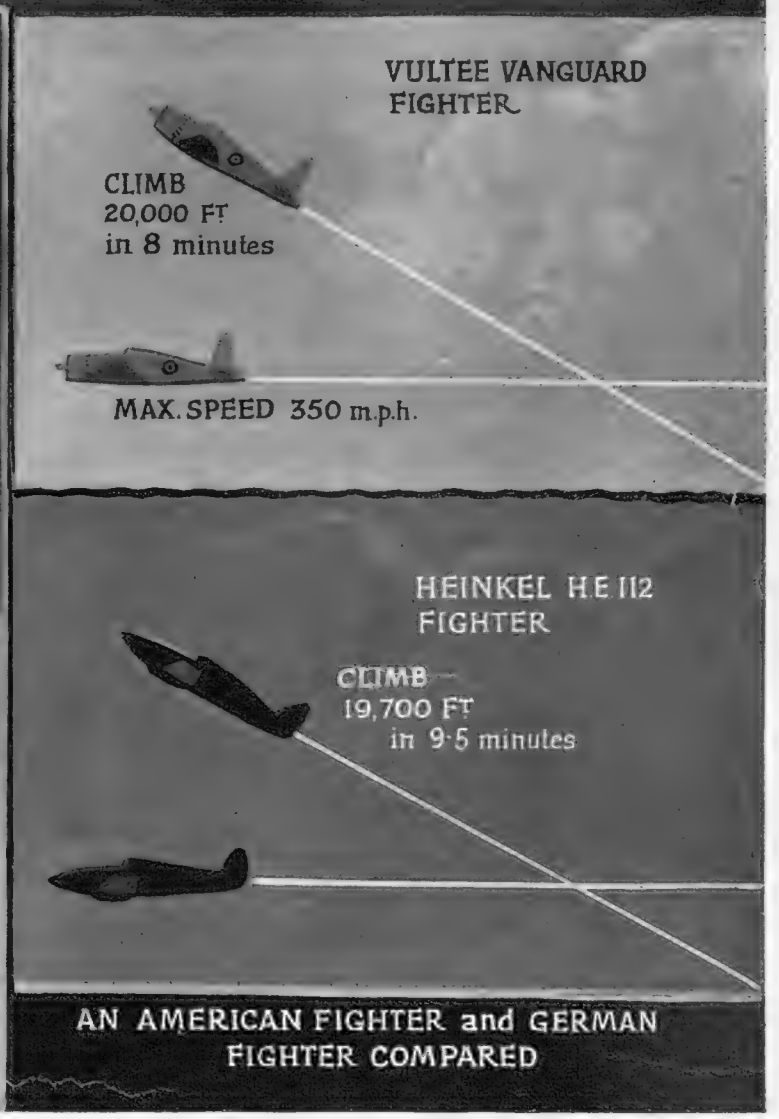
AMONG the American types which will add so greatly to British air power, are heavy four-motor bombers, such as the Consolidated Liberator long-range flying-boats, the Consolidated Catalina for the Coastal Command, and fast single-seat fighters, such as the Curtiss Tomahawk. Among the still newer types on order, the Martin Baltimore bomber and the Vultee Vengeance fighter are some of the fastest and most formidable aircraft yet designed. Purchase of American aircraft for Great Britain began nearly three years ago, when preliminary orders were placed for 250 Lockheed Hudson general-reconnaissance bombers and 400 North American Harvard trainers. Both these types are now veterans in service. The Hudson, developed from the Lockheed 14 civil transport, has flown millions of miles on active service with the Coastal Command. More than 1,000 Harvards have now been delivered for advanced training in Great Britain and Canada.

The Douglas Boston fast medium-bomber was the next type to be ordered just before the war began, and thereafter orders followed thick and fast. Four types of single-seat fighter have been delivered to Great Britain at present. They are: The Brewster Buffalo, the Curtiss Mohawk, the Curtiss Tomahawk and the Grumman Martlet.

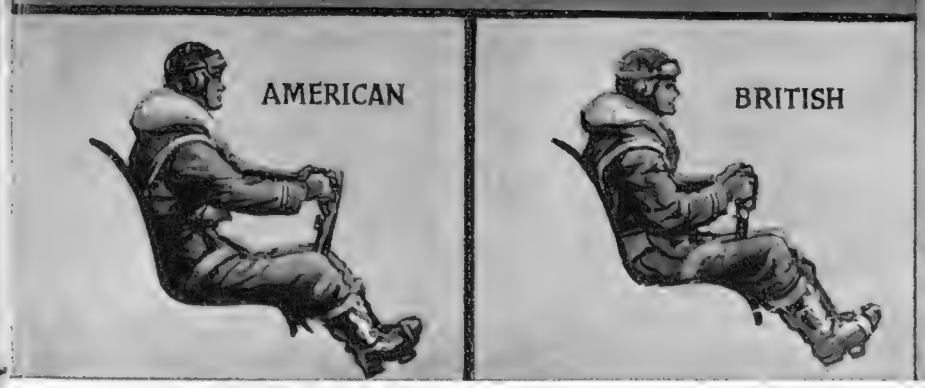
The Buffalo is a tubby little machine which, powered with a Wright Cyclone radial motor of 1,200 h.p., has a top speed of 330 m.p.h. It is highly manœuvrable and with an armament of six machine-guns is a formidable interceptor. The







THE CONTROLS OF AMERICAN PLANES DO NOT 'SIT IN THE LAP' LIKE THOSE OF OUR MACHINES BUT OUR PILOTS SOON BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO THE NEW FEEL



Buffalo was originally ordered by Belgium, but no deliveries had been made before Belgium fell.

The Mohawk is a legacy from the French. This fighter did well in the *Armée de l'Air*, in which it went by the name of the Curtiss Hawk 75A. It is also in service with the U.S. Army Air Corps as the Curtiss P-36A. The top speed of the Mohawk is 323 m.p.h., the armament six machine-guns.

The Tomahawk is a development of the Mohawk, in which the 1,090-h.p. Allison liquid-cooled motor has been substituted for the air-cooled Cyclone. The Tomahawk is now in squadron service in the R.A.F. and is popular with its pilots. It approximates very much to the performance and characteristics of the Hawker Hurricane, which it somewhat resembles. The latest version of the Tomahawk has six machine-guns. The top speed is 327 m.p.h.

The Grumman Martlet is a fighter delivered to the Fleet Air Arm. Like the Buffalo, it is a tubby little mid-wing monoplane, powered with a 1,200-h.p. Wright Cyclone motor which gives it a top speed of 325 m.p.h. The armament is four machine-guns. The Martlet has been in action and has scored several victories.

Of the new fighters yet to be delivered, perhaps the most interesting is the Bell Caribou. This machine, known in the U.S.A. as the Airacobra, is unorthodox in that, although it is a normal tractor monoplane, the Allison engine is mounted in the fuselage behind the pilot and drives the airscrew through a long extension shaft. The Caribou is unusual also in that it has a tricycle undercarriage and is armed with a big 37-mm. cannon which fires through the airscrew hub, as well as eight machine-guns mounted in wings and fuselage.

Another fighter which will be arriving shortly is the two-motor Lockheed Lightning, which has a top speed of more than 400 m.p.h. In the form to be delivered to the R.A.F., the Lightning may be equipped as a two-seater, with a turret somewhat similar to that of the Defiant.

P. M.

(Next week we propose to illustrate the new U.S. bombers.)

AN ESCAPE FROM THE WAR

A Sermon for Pessimists and Notes on Popenjoys and the Albert Memorial

"CAPACITY FOR INNOCENT ENJOYMENT."—Here is a warning to wanton pessimists — a sermon, if you choose to call it so. Some of us, young and old, in the darker hours of these dark days, declare, and even believe, that this long suspense of constructive, sane interests and pleasures and recreations is killing or atrophying our power to enjoy. I have heard young and youngish women say that when it is over they will be too old "to enjoy things." I have heard middle-aged men say that "they have had their fun," "had their day," and after this must live on memories in the chimney-corner. And I have heard many a jeremiad spoken over young children in the sense that they are losing the only opportunity of learning how to enjoy and make the best of life. All of which is sheer bunkum and dangerous or foolish pessimism. All experience, reinforced by one or two recent wartime experiences, tells me that a man or a woman is never too old to enjoy any single one of the best-known legitimate pleasures of living (from the realisation that he or she is loved or admired down to the sheer bliss of a fine May morning or the snug content of an autumn peat fire). One is never too old, even at ninety, to enjoy such things as in youth, unless one's faculties are weakened seriously. Among the old and middle-aged the "capacity for innocent enjoyment" is to-day as lively as it was in 1938—and, indeed, livelier. It is seething and bubbling just under the surface; at the slightest excuse it bursts out like an unexpected oil-gusher.

Our Gains in this Great Test.—Not for ever will the blue sky and silvery moonlight be enemies and potential instruments of death; not for ever will the sounds of spring and the dear familiar noises of country life be drowned by the noise of war. Even now joy bursts out shamelessly on the smallest provocation, and is shamefacedly forced back into control. Even for the old, every year which may remain to them contains an inestimable store of opportunity for enjoyment. For since man's capacity is infinite, you cannot subtract so many missed opportunities and write off from your life so many as lost.

As for our children, if the war spares them to us, I waste no sympathy and no regrets on them. In my experience, this war has hitherto given them over-riding benefits. They are lovelier and pleasanter in our eyes than our manner of life in 1938 could have made them. If the war years have reduced the number of their conventional pleasures, it has benefited their characters, turned them into happier, self-supporting, busy, useful young citizens, widened their outlooks, canalised their energies, given them many constructive outlets, and in the main left upon them no harsh imprints to counteract these benefits.

We have gained infinitely more than we have lost in this acid test of character, and on the debit side not one of us, old or young, can justly set a tale of lost opportunities for enjoyment. That bounty of the gods bestowed on mortals is as boundless as the sea, as deep, as inexhaustible.

Is He Popenjoy?—Here is a last note on Trollope by one who has become a Trollopian in an effort to "escape" from everlasting war talk and war thought. After reading a dozen more of his novels for the first time, I can hardly claim to be a critic. I suppose I have now read 50 per cent. of his output, and a majority of those twice.

Trollope's autobiography was written before his *Is He Popenjoy?* was published, and he did not, therefore, more than vaguely and tersely hint at his idea of its merits. He thought it "not amiss." To me it is of great significance. It was published thirty years after his first novel saw the light. It bears signs of carelessness and suggests that Trollope was no longer the man he had been. The "science" remained, but, like a great batsman in old age, he no longer had the power to complete the strokes and to do the hack-work and the running.

There are signs of carelessness and inconsistency. But this novel, with its absurd title, is in a way the most gripping, stimulating and amusing, as it is also the most modern, of all he wrote.

It marks a revolution to "modernity." Suddenly we find his men and women dropping their mid-Victorian conventions and masks, as if they were ashamed of pretence, and coming out into the fresh air to speak and to act as the young people of the twentieth century spoke and acted. His heroine ceases to be a mere serf of her husband, and discovers that women have rights, like men, to live their lives, to express their opinions, to resist domination and slavery, to call things by their names. The "patient Grizel" is outworn and discarded from his cast. His nobleman takes a leaf from the book of Lord Steyne, and his church dignitary behaves more like a man and less like a saint or a figurehead. With the result that his conversational passages and quoted letters lose the atmosphere of costume pieces, and are read and judged by us by the standards of our own day.

So it is that *Is He Popenjoy?* is a vital document in English social history and evolution during the first half of the Victorian age, and also a wonderful tribute to the mental elasticity of Trollope. I would hazard a guess—it is a theory I have never heard expounded by the professors—that his visit to his son in Australia during 1872 had a profound effect on Trollope's mind, enlarging and modernising it with new ideas. I should (in my reckless way) put, among the novels of Trollope which I have so far read carefully, *The Last Chronicles*, *The Prime Minister*, *Phineas Finn*, and *Popenjoy* in the first half-dozen. And I should certainly relegate *The Three Clerks* to a much lower rung than Trollope accorded it.

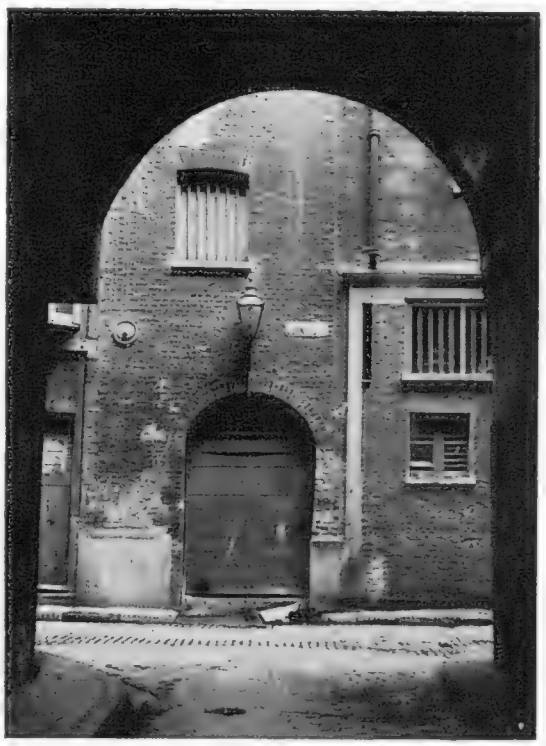
The Albert Memorial.—*Is He Popenjoy?* is remarkable for another reason. It contains the first mention in fiction (which I have come across) of the public's æsthetic reactions to the newly set up Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens. It was clearly regarded as a work of supreme beauty and good taste, much as we should regard to-day a jewel of sculptuary by Cellini or John of Bologna. For more than half a century the laugh has been turned on this doubtfully-happy wedding of stone and metal, with its florid decoration and its amalgam of styles.

Few living men, perhaps, can now remember it in its virgin purity, before those embarrassing damp-stains marred the draperies and trousers of the men and women (and elephants) which throng its base. *Punch* taught us to laugh at it, even while we revelled in it, as children. *Punch* urged that it should be set up again on the roof of the Albert Hall to form a perfect model for the ideal wedding-cake. But time corrects most judgments. The wedding of stone and metal was again a fashion in post-war sculptuary. Children still trace out in that document in stone the social evolution and history of England, and there is nothing but good humour in the laughter which plays round the Albert Memorial. Are we not all children in matters of taste? We are much too ignorant and fearful for our reputations to express any opinion on questions of taste in art—without hedging.

The First Worm.—Early birds have made sure of the glory of that first worm. The great Spring offensive has begun. March 19 was zero day, a double-barrelled, two-fold attack. On that day Mr. Fitter (and who, pray, is fitter to speak with authority?) heard the first chiff-chaff on Chipperfield Common, only five days before its normal date of reappearance in voice. On the same day — more contentious — two gentlemen from Abingdon (short-heading the legendary vicar of Biddlecombe-Episcopi, Dorset) announced that they had heard very early on March 16 the "first tentative notes of the cuckoo." This is unsporting. It breaks the accepted rules of the game. No competitor should break the tape in the great cuckoo race before the "twenties" of March, and the vicar was caught bending, while lacing up his running shoes, by this breach of etiquette. After all, Cuckoo's fair, which *releases* the cuckoo in Sussex, is not due for a fortnight, and *we* know damn well that *we* shan't hear the bird until April is well in. I am not going to accord those gentlemen—honourable men as I know them to be—the first cuckoo worm. Conventions are still conventions. Mr. Fitter can have his chiff-chaff, but that cuckoo was a "two-legged" cuckoo or I'll eat my pen.

J. G.

A NOTABLE CASUALTY OF WAR: During a recent raid "The Old Curiosity Shop" in Portsmouth Street, Kingsway, immortalised by Dickens and known throughout the world, was damaged by blast, and now, with the front shored up and cracks in its walls, it stands as a vivid reproach to Nazi vandalism, which seeks to destroy all that is traditional and beautiful to pave the way for the New Order!



A (C)LINK WITH THE PAST: The entrance to Clink Street, Southwark, known locally as "The Clink" because it is near the site of the old Clink prison for debtors. The barred windows and doors are a link with the old prison days. It is thus that in course of time "Going to Clink" became a colloquial term for going to prison

FREE ELECTRIC LIGHT: Mr. W. Gosling, a horticulturist of Blakeney, Forest of Dean, has constructed a simple windmill plant for lighting his house and greenhouses. The windmill is made of wood from old boxes, and drives a large car dynamo which charges an accumulator. Mr. Gosling finds there is sufficient wind on four days out of seven, and as one day's wind is enough to store a week's lighting current, the plant is a great success. The dynamo and battery cost 30s. at a car-breaker's yard and the rest was made from scrap

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OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

"KING GEORGE V"

Mr. John Gore's Personal Memoir

TO my colleague, Mr. John Gore, better known to readers of THE SPHERE as "The Old Stager," the King and Queen Mary entrusted the task of the writing of a personal memoir of King George V. It had been wisely decided that an official biography should be postponed until comment can freely be made on the political aspects of his reign.

KING GEORGE V (John Murray. 18s.) is, therefore, the story of a King told in terms which reveal the man, and one which deliberately avoids all the political implications attendant upon a biography of a reigning monarch. In this Mr. Gore has been fortunate in the active assistance of King George VI, of Queen Mary, and of other members of the Royal Family, as well as of the Court officials and a statesman most intimately concerned. He has also been fortunate in being able to draw upon King George's own diary, which he kept meticulously through the years since he was a young man. Even in the days of his illnesses the diary was maintained by Queen Mary.

In a sense, therefore, the shape of the memoir has been dictated by King George himself, and Mr. John Gore has very wisely followed it.

"His own journals," says the author, "lay ready to my hand; a simple narrative, restrained, unadorned and accurate. I have adopted them as the basis of this memoir and as an indication of the style in which it should be dressed. I have tried to keep out features of royal banquets and Court memoirs which he disliked and distrusted. Adulation, gossip, indiscretions, exaggeration and dramatisation. I have tried to show him as the frank, simple, honest and good man he was, and to leave him to speak for himself in words and actions."

Mr. Gore was wise thus to shape his memoir, and to adopt a biographical form which satisfies the conditions imposed upon it. The quality of this book is its readableness and its admirable mixture of lively anecdote with discretion.

The public, who, with sure instinct, sensed the qualities of frankness, simplicity, honesty and goodness in King George, which culminated in the spontaneous demonstrations of real affection in the Jubilee, will be quick to recognise and to appreciate this straightforward account of his life. They will also find confirmed all the popular conceptions of his frank and breezy character, of his downrightness and straightforward approach to life and to the many problems of statecraft which beset him during the years he was on the throne.

His apprenticeship to the throne was opsimathec. "His plain education ended just where and when it should seriously have begun. He was (until he had painfully taken his own education in hand late in life) below the educational and perhaps intellectual standard of the ordinary public-school-educated country squire. He knew it and deplored it, and it gave him, from the time he became heir to the throne, a deficiency complex which (it has been suggested) was manifested in his growing habit of 'doing all the talking,' and voicing too frankly and recklessly his opinions on all subjects and personalities, as though he were impelled to show his Ministers that he knew something of everything and held concrete views on all the questions of the hour. The restraint and soundness of his decisions removed much, if not all, of the dangers in such a habit."

It was not easy for a man of his character to follow his father, who was very much a man of the world, and to whom his was always a diffident approach. King Edward enjoyed rare gifts and a vast experience of human nature, with a unique power to charm and a shrewd eye for statecraft. King George, acutely aware of his deficiency-complex, did not receive much assistance, on ascending the throne, from the Court atmosphere which was the heritage from his father. All he could do, and all he did do, was to tackle the job in his own honest, straightforward way, and to get on with it.

There had been all sorts of rumours of a return to the dullness which surrounded the Court in the late years of Queen Victoria. It was hinted that the royal racing establishments which, through their successes, had captured the popular imagination, were to be cut down, and that the social activities which his father had popularised during his reign would be severely restricted.

A VICTIM OF THE NIGHT BOMBERS: Jack Straw's Castle, at the edge of Hampstead Heath, is among the latest of London's famous inns to become a war casualty. It is situated at the highest point of the Heath and is actually 500 ft. above St. Paul's Cathedral. It was frequented on many occasions by Charles Dickens

SIGNS OF SPRING! Many acres of "White Lisbon" spring onions are now being pulled near Pershore, Worcestershire. The onions are tied in bundles and washed in a stream before being packed for distribution to all parts of the country. We publish this heartening picture in view of the fact that to-day, owing to their scarcity, the possession and consumption of onions is indicative of power and wealth on the part of the consumer

MAYFLOWER CHURCH DESTROYED BY NAZIS: Dedicated to the memory of the London pilgrims who sailed in the *Mayflower* to America in 1620, the Church of the Pilgrim Fathers, Southwark, was destroyed in a recent air raid. The history of the church goes back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, and some of the Pilgrim Fathers were members of the original congregation. Aptly enough, their descendants in the U.S.A. are busy making arms to destroy the Nazi evil. The above picture shows the Memorial Tablet in the wall of the destroyed church

Within the limits of his own strong personality none of these things happened. King George was never a very successful owner on the Turf, but soon became recognised to be the best kind of owner—that is to say, one whose interest in breeding and bloodstock was uppermost. He did much to popularise yachting, and was never happier than when sailing the old *Britannia*, in which he scored some notable personal triumphs. The end of that fine old craft is a moving incident in Mr. Gore's memoir. His fame as a shot was world-wide, not only at the coverts, but with big game as well. These were his recreations, but this memoir reveals, on the other side of his life, a capacity for hard work and industriousness. His Journals show how, even in his moments of recreation, his attention to affairs of State never deviated.

"The phrase 'did my boxes' is indeed an example of descriptive economy rare even with King George. Ministers come into office and go into retirement, heads of departments take their holidays and forget their cares, but the King goes on working until he is released by death. His 'boxes' follow him, his office is established, whether he be at Balmoral or on a visit to Chatsworth or Newmarket, or in the royal yacht. Before or after he sails a racing yacht or goes up to the butts, there are the day's 'boxes,' and the day's essential routine to be carried out."

His reign covered a span of years which produced constitutional problems and difficulties of a kind and on a scale which had never before confronted an occupant of the British throne. It could never be said of King George V that he enjoyed his work in the sense that his father and grandmother enjoyed it. Certainly it was not in his character to have ambitions which would have led him to seek such responsibility. He had strong personal characteristics, but in statecraft and in his conduct of many constitutional crises of his reign he revealed himself to be a man of shrewd and sound judgment. More than once it was rumoured that the King had taken a hand in the settlement of this or that. This memoir disproves each and every such occasion. King George never deviated from the self-effacing role he imposed upon his interpretation of the duties of a constitutional monarch.

His friends were typical of the man. Lifelong, tried and trusted; men with whom he had grown up in his youth, and whom he had come to love with the devotion they gave unquestioningly to him. He was never much of a woman's man.

"It was sometimes said that he would have gained much if he had possessed his father's penchant for constant conversation on every variety of topic with women of the world. The remark cannot be accepted without qualification. For one thing, among the Queen's ladies were women of high ability and wide influence, who were always well informed in current thought. They were among his women friends, and it was always his practice, in conversation with women of ability, to draw them out, to get from them the woman's point of view on political and social questions. . . . Outside the Court circle he had no large variety of woman friends. . . . For the most part he derived his impressions of the world of youth outside and of changing fashions of thought from his sister, Princess Victoria, who was not perhaps highly qualified to give a full and impartial picture."

He was in the habit of having daily talks with his sister on the telephone, on which there is an amusing anecdote. "One morning," the King related, "her telephone bell rang at the usual time and she took up the receiver and said, 'Hullo, you old fool,' and the voice of the operator broke in, 'Beg pardon, your Royal Highness—his Majesty is not yet on the line." The book is enlivened with many such anecdotes.

With all its cares and anxieties, the summing-up must be that his was a happy life. He was a family man in the very best sense of the word. Fortunate in a happy marriage, proud of his children, and undeviating in the example he set both to his people and to his family. This kind, honest and good man would never have asked for a greater reward than the spontaneous demonstration of the affection of his people at the Silver Jubilee. This memoir will confirm the picture that is in every heart.

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THE CHURCH ARMY

THIS organisation is doing great work in the air-raid shelters, principally in the Tube shelters; and although the work presents enormous difficulties, good success is being achieved. It is to be hoped that some keen evangelistic supporters will help this work forward by their interest and gifts. The war aims of the Church Army are to support, by spiritual and material means, the men and women in the Forces wherever they may be. The methods are to work by centres in and outside the camps, by mobile canteens for lonely units, by Services clubs, principally near railway stations. Developments are being rapidly made in the Middle East in supplying mobile canteens at a cost of £750. Two large centres, each costing £2,000, are authorised for Palestine. The mobile canteens at home have a twofold job—they are used for the lonely men in the Forces and, often enough, the same canteen goes at night to help in towns which are being raided by the enemy. A donation will greatly help. Cheques, etc., crossed Barclays, a/c Church Army, should be made payable to Prebendary Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

THE STORY OF A "SPORTSMAN'S" DAUGHTER

She was only eight months old when she ventured to displease her father. Because he could not pacify her when she cried at 3 a.m. one morning, the man brought his heavy fist crashing down on her. The mother, fearing for the safety of the child, thereupon snatched her up from the cradle, and, in her anger with the man, slapped him in the face. The man by this time was beside himself with rage, and he rained blows down on his wife, one of which missed its mark and struck the child. The father was prosecuted by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He pleaded that he had acted under provocation, but, when asked if it were true that he had also ill-treated his wife, he said, "Yes. That was only sport." This "sportsman" was quite young, and no doubt because of this, and in view of the fact that the child appeared to be otherwise well kept, the Bench decided to take a lenient view of the case. The father was bound over for twelve months, and ordered to pay costs amounting to £3 4s. This is the story of how the N.S.P.C.C. protected just one little child. Last year it protected or helped over 100,000 children. Will you please help the work to go on? Please also help the Society with your gifts. Hand your contribution to any of the Society's many honorary helpers or send it direct to: The Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

EASTER IN EXILE

Most of the 44,000 British Prisoners of War will soon be starting their second year of captivity and are badly in need of cheering-up. Wonderful work has been done by the British Prisoners of War Fund in helping the men to overcome the appalling monotony of life in the prison camps and the gratitude of the men is touching. One prisoner writes: "Yesterday book parcel arrived. Am delighted with your choice and the size of the parcel." Extract from a letter from John Casson, Dame Sybil Thorndike's son, who is librarian at Dulagluft: "Managed to collect a really magnificent library, am very proud of it and grateful to you for sending such good books." The Fund is sending regular monthly parcels to thousands of prisoners and needs thousands of pounds to carry on the work. It costs 5s. a month (£3 a year) to look after one prisoner and send him regular parcels; £1 a month (£12 a year) will look after four prisoners. Donations should be sent to Miss Christine Knowles, Founder and Director, or Sir Hugh Walpole, Chairman, Carrington House, Hertford Street, London, W.1.

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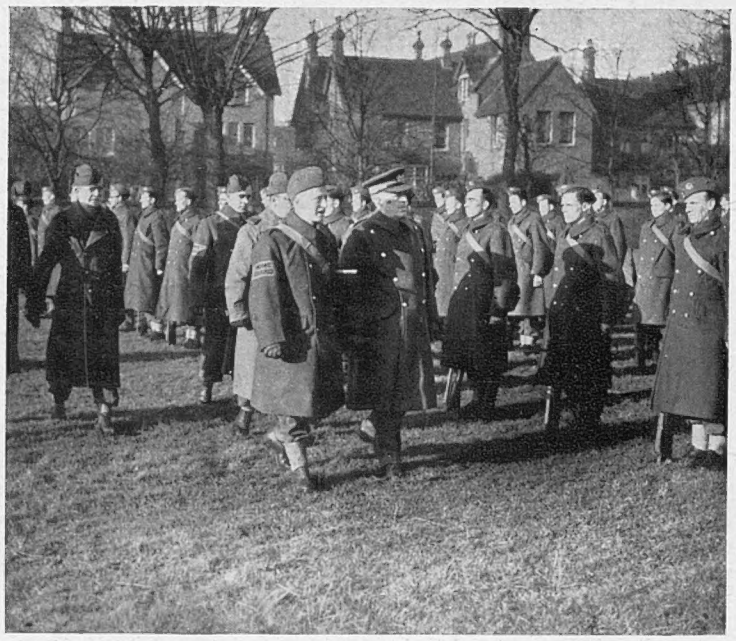
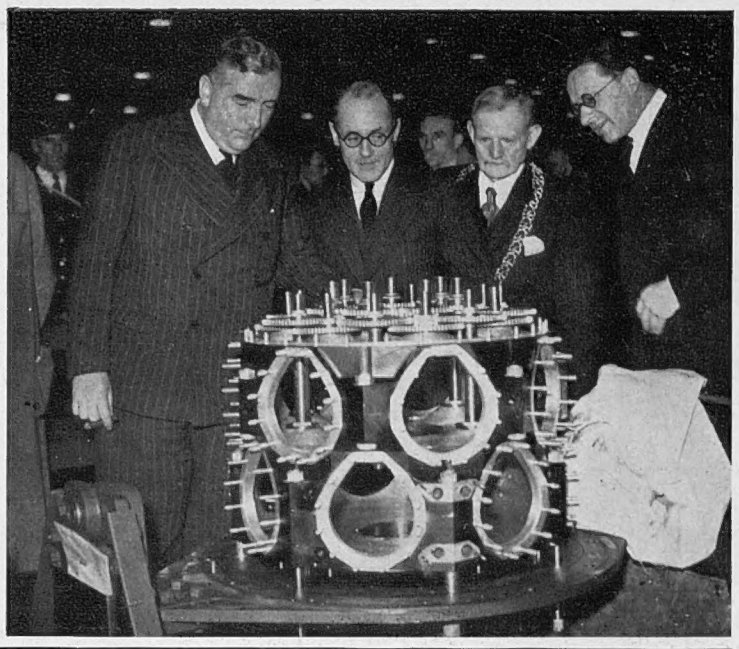


On left—
BEDFORDSHIRE'S HOME GUARD : This picture was taken on the occasion of the inspection of a section of the County's Home Guard by Lord Luke, who is the Lord Lieutenant of Bedfordshire and owns 3,000 acres of land in North Beds.

On right—
MR. MENZIES SEES COVENTRY AT WORK : Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, recently visited Coventry, toured the bomb-damaged area, and inspected several industrial establishments. He is seen examining part of an engine. On the right are the Mayor of Coventry and Mr. R. C. Rootes



"All the Prisoners of War here are blessing you"

The above is an extract from a letter received from a British Prisoner of War in the German Prison Camp Stalag XXA, who adds : "I can assure you that the very fine parcels of books and games you have supplied to us are appreciated and have brought endless pleasure to thousands of unfortunate prisoners like myself."

Another Prisoner writes : "It is the mental stagnation that is so difficult to combat. Life here is just the same. I never know the date or even the month. Time does not matter, we just live for the next letter or parcel."

Will YOU Help? The work of the British Prisoners of War Books and Games Fund is devoted solely to helping the 44,000 British Prisoners of War confined in German Prison Camps until the end of the war. Countless letters home testify to the joy which our regular monthly parcels give—bringing the men new hope and, above all, the knowledge that ***they are not forgotten.*** It costs 5s. a month (£3 a year) to send regular parcels to **one** prisoner ; £1 a month (£12 a year) will look after **four** prisoners. We earnestly appeal to every reader of *The Sphere* to send something—however large or small—to help these men who have lost their freedom while fighting *OUR* battle. Please send a donation to-day, completing and posting the form below.

Below is a summary of some of the activities of the Fund. Please retain for reference or pass to any person interested.

● BOOKS
Tens of thousands of books have been sent and libraries formed in every known prison camp. All types of books are sent : History, Biography, Travel, Anthologies, Essays, Poetry, Plays, Humour, Fiction in great variety. New books are constantly being added, and all requests from camp librarians are dealt with promptly.

● HOBBIES
We receive a large number of requests for books on special subjects and favourite hobbies of prisoners. Recent requests have been for books on : Arts and Handicrafts, Archæology, Astronomy, Engineering, Gardening and Country Pursuits, Languages, Philately, Photography, all Sports and Games, Natural History and Science, Social and Economic Problems, the Theatre and Screen.

● BIBLES
Religious services are held regularly in most of the camps. We have met all requests from camp chaplains for Bibles, Prayer Books (all denominations), Psalters and Hymnals ; books on Theological subjects.

● GAMES
Indoor games and pastimes of every description have been supplied in large number, including all the popular table games. Also Playing Cards. Equipment for outdoor games has been sent where facilities are available.

● MUSIC
Many of the camps now have their own orchestras and bands, for which we have supplied both instruments and music. We have also sent gramophones, records, and most kinds of musical instruments, including bagpipes for Scottish prisoners.

● *INDIVIDUAL PARCELS*
In addition to our collective parcels to the camps, an important branch of our work is to send *individual parcels* to the prisoners. We keep a card-index on which are entered the tastes and special interests of each prisoner (the information being supplied by the men themselves), and each prisoner on our list receives a regular monthly parcel made up in accordance with his tastes. Past experience has shown how eagerly the men look forward to receiving parcels *personally addressed* to them.

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NOTE : Censorship regulations preclude our acceptance of gifts of books.

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

IT is on spring days that one's thoughts turn from war to the beauties of Britain's countryside, and up here at Dulverton it confronts us from our bedroom window. The cows were doing a little extra tail-swishing as they mooched up the high-banked roadway, the rook-builders were chattering and working at the same time, whilst Fisher, the gardener, as he surveyed the first daisies, scratched his head and contemplated that he would now have to switch over from winter to a summer time-table.

A brief six miles' run brought us over to Winsford, which lies at the foot of Exmoor and can be numbered among Britain's many most beautiful villages. The Royal Oak Inn was our primary quest, because we had heard good reports of it, and as a centre for fishing, stag- and fox-hunting it has always been well known amongst sportsmen. With its thatched and weathered exterior it surely must be one of the most picturesque owned by the P.H.R.A., initials which signify the People's House Refreshment Association, a corporate body whose policy is to ensure that the seeker after teas and soft drinks is as much catered for as the frequenter of the four-ale bar.

Within, its simple but clean bedrooms, the lounge upstairs, and the men's snuggery on the ground floor will appeal to all who do not look for luxury. There are only two bathrooms to eleven bedrooms, and only five of the latter have hot and cold. Yet there are to be had there the simple comforts of an inn, and as the local maid-of-all-sorts—age uncertain—who piloted me around said : " You can get real hot water in next to no time," as I commented on the old-type wash-basins. But, as I reflected afterwards, " next to no time " is a good deal quicker than in some hotels, where the hot tap may be labelled as such but has obviously come to an Axis agreement with the cold !

There is only one fly in the ointment at the moment at the Royal Oak, and that is the great difficulty in getting staff. " But surely," I said to Mr. Calvert, the manager, " with all the evacuees about there must be many who would be delighted to work amid such peaceful surroundings ? " " That's just the rub," Mr. Calvert replied. " They won't work. Yesterday I motored sixty miles after a woman I had heard of, but she refused my offer because, she said, it would be too quiet."

Is it snobbery, Government pampering, sheer laziness, or all three, which is preventing thousands of evacuated women—I have heard the same story repeatedly—lending a hand in our villages where they are so comparatively free from the dangers of areas they have left ?

Leaving the Royal Oak, we crossed the tiny bridge over the clear, tinkling stream, which reminded us of the Slaughters, in the Cotswolds, and wended our way up to Winsford's centrepiece—her church. Impressive and simple, it stood silhouetted against the sky. There was a distinct drone as we walked up the churchyard path. Beneath us there was a carpet of crocuses, with thousands of bees busily at work collecting pollen—an ironical contrast to the state of affairs at the inn below! And it was with these reflections that we returned to Dulverton.

Next day we sallied forth again, taking account carefully of our petrol coupons beforehand, as we had some fifty miles to cover across country to Torbay. Nearly six precious miles were lost in taking the wrong turning, but sensibly we retraced our car steps before we got irretrievably lost amid Devon's myriad lanes.

So we came to the Manor of Fuidge, a country house hotel at the back of beyond, but in the middle of everything that 's good. Sorely tempted to linger until after lunch, we pushed on, because we had another objective : Gray's White Horse, at Moretonhampstead. Here on Sundays, and, in fact, any day when the world and his wife can free themselves from the common round and daily task, they find their way to this simple White Horse, where good English cooking is ever to be found, though it is not a place to be visited these days unless one rings up first and ascertains whether they can do " one more lunch." But we took the risk, and are still wondering whether the knives were extra sharp or the English meat particularly tender !

And so, well satisfied with our lunch, with one of Mr. Sidney Gray's famous sloe gins, we wended our way *via* Bovey Tracey and Newton Abbot to Torbay.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mrs. B. (*Bedford*).—I do feel that the most suitable place for you for residence would be The Crest at Crowborough, Sussex. It is a comfortable and safe distance from London. The climate is very healthy, the hotel is very cosy, and although it is a first-class fully licensed hotel with lift, central heating in all rooms, cocktail lounge, and so on, it is a " homy " place, where one enjoys and does not grouse about being a fixture.

M. G. (*Ludlow*).—It is not easy to get three single rooms in any small hotel, and you and your friends must expect to double up. Neither can I recommend you to an hotel where you can expect a coal fire in your bedroom at night. Coal is short and staff troubles are real. As to breakfast in bed, it ought to be forbidden unless you are all three invalids.

E. A. (*Anglesey*).—In these difficult days of rationing hotel proprietors do not like any complications of dieting. The difficulty is to suggest anything sufficiently near to Oxford, but there is a place at Ross-on-Wye called " Galen Lodge," run by a Mrs. How. She is a trained nurse and excellent cook, so what more could you want ? Then there is a delightful, tiny guest-house called " Staddles " at Bicknoller, near Taunton, where Mrs. Stowe is one of those people who are appreciative of other people's difficulties. Finally, though I am afraid it will be too big for your friends, there is the Digby Hotel at Sherborne, where Mrs. Gispert, the manageress, is appreciative of those who need the correct diet.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise " Sphere " readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *Commonwealth House,* 1, *New Oxford Street, London, W.C.*1. *Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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This Society has with regret learned of yet another Old Boy who has given his life in the present Crusade. First he was in Fortescue House, Twickenham, branch of this Society's work, then when he was old enough to leave he entered T.S. *Arethusa*, which was not surprising, inasmuch as his father was a sailor, and he was himself born on an Orient liner, where his mother was a stewardess. Boys are still clamouring for a chance of a sea life such as was given to this Old Boy. Will you give such a boy a chance to fill this gap by sending a generous donation ? Address your gift to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, which will be warmly welcomed and gratefully acknowledged.

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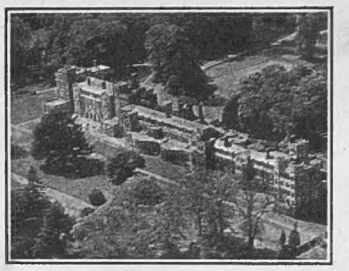

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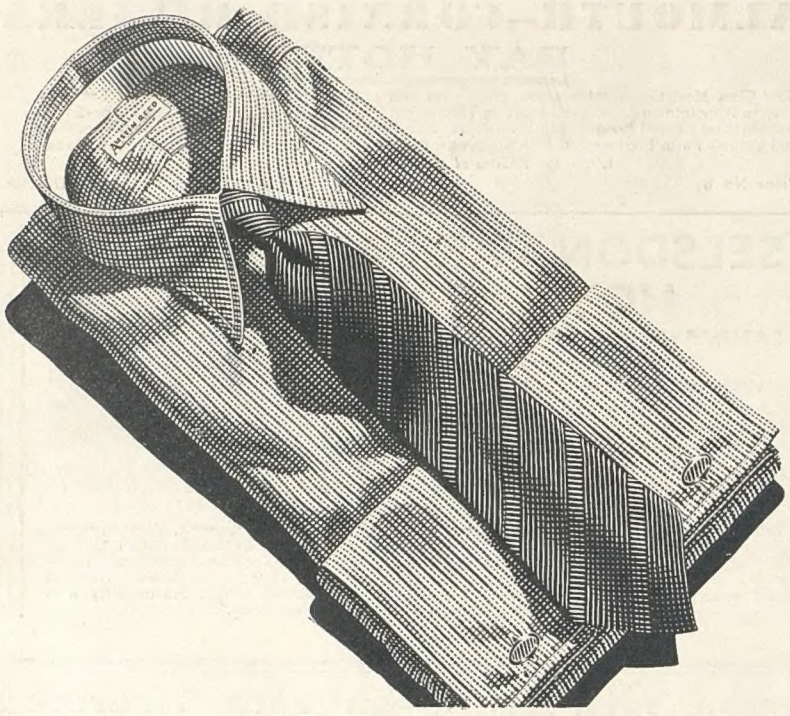

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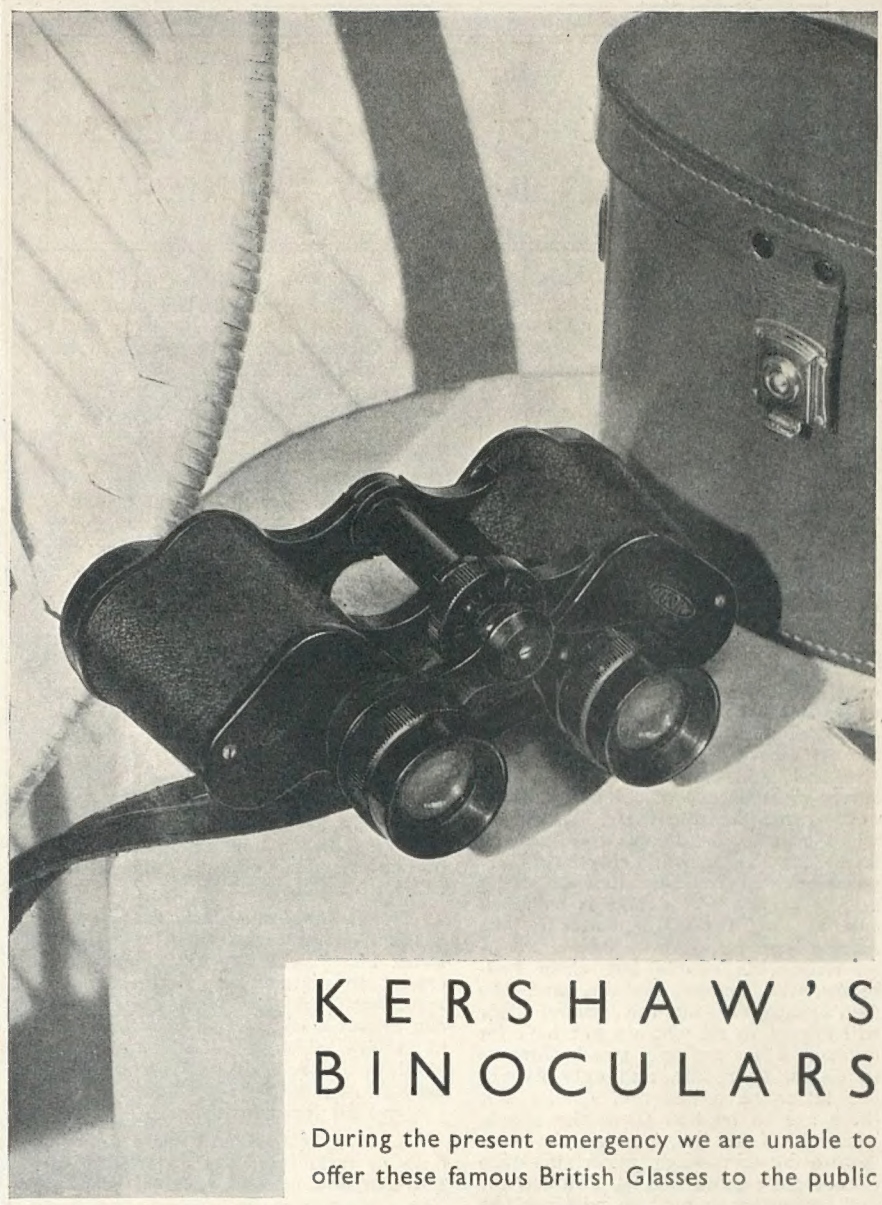

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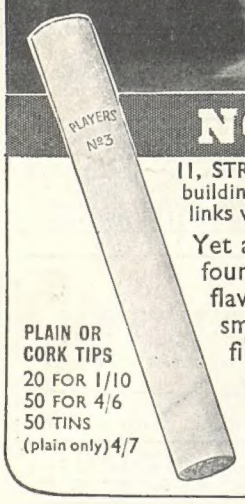

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